

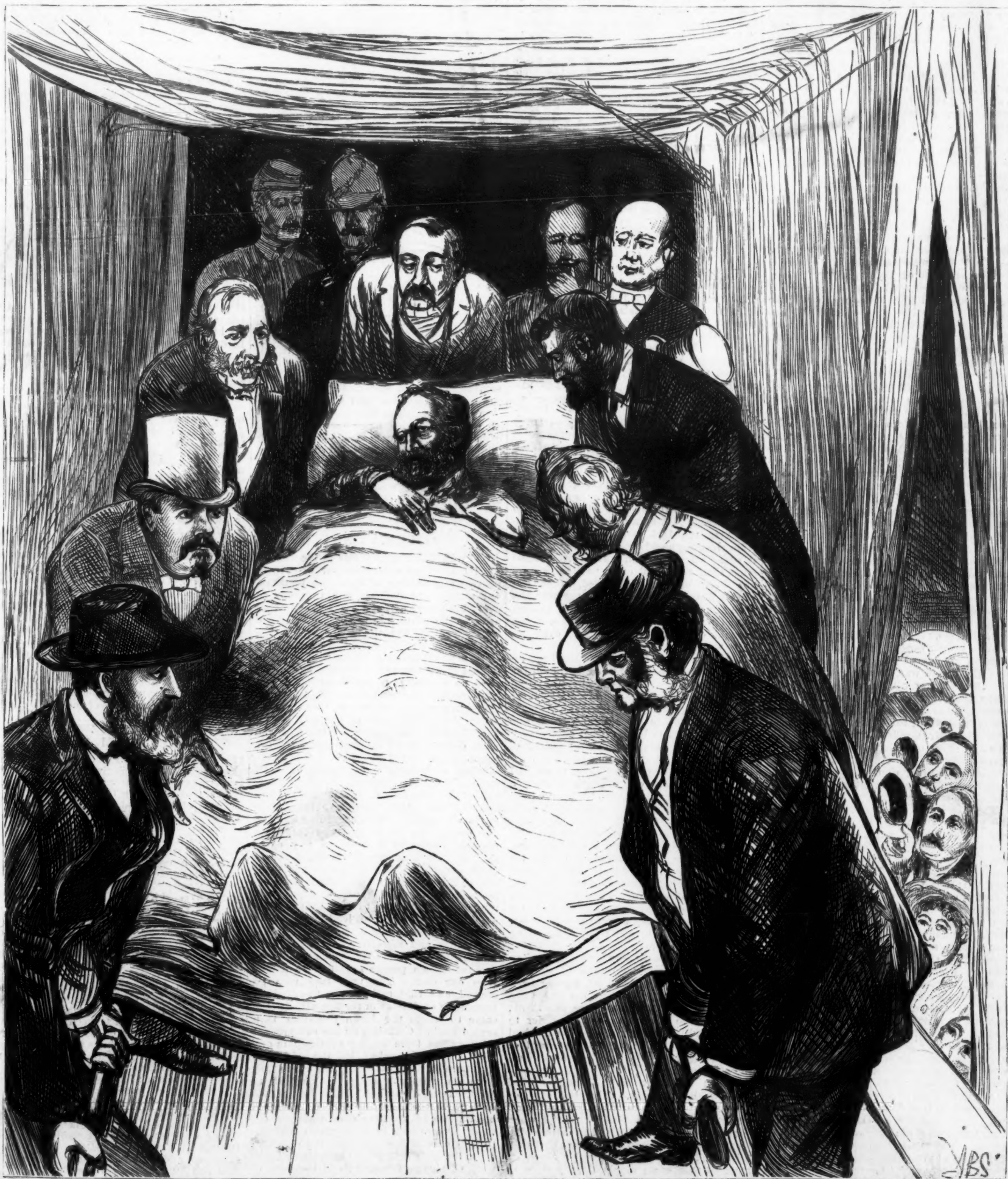
FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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NEW JERSEY.—THE REMOVAL OF PRESIDENT GARFIELD TO THE SEASHORE—CARRYING THE SUFFERER ALONG THE COVERED APPROACH TO THE FRANKLYN COTTAGE, AT ELBERON, SEPT. 6TH.—FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 54.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
53, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.
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GOOD OUT OF EVIL.

WHILE it may be true that the sentiment of loyalty among Americans does not tolerate the extreme manifestations which made Louis le Grand the god of his courtiers and an object of awe to his people—while, indeed, we may fall short of the moderate degree of reverence displayed by the English people towards their visible head, and appear at times to have gone far towards making government a mere common-sense and common-place matter of purely business organization—recent events have demonstrated that even in the simplicity of republicanism resides that sentiment of loyalty which will sometimes leave the abstract to find a visible object of popular adoration, reverence and fidelity. How readily the people have turned from the abstractions about which stump orators have prated for fifteen years, to the incarnation of it. The Babel of political jargon was loose at the hour, the clamor echoing and re-echoing, the air filled with the missiles of political strife—such a clamor one would have sworn could not be still. Of a sudden it is still—national hubbub, local cross-firing, sectional jangling, all the windy, wordy battle—the hurly-burly is done. A worthy man, the elect of a party, the President of a people, is stricken, and in an instant that people bow in sympathy, reverence and apprehension. It is more than the man is stricken, and more than the government abstraction is wounded. The feeling is a mingled one of humanity and political sentiment.

What is the meaning? What is the effect? It must not be asserted that the indulgence of a proper sentiment will fail to have a beneficent effect of its own. The nation will be the better for having indulged it, if it fall to wrangling again to-morrow. The attempt on the life of the President has not, however, wrought that which we see and most value from a patriotic standpoint. Had General Grant fallen in the same way, or General Garfield, a man in himself more lovable, in the period from 1868 to 1876, indignation aroused by the cowardly crime, sympathy with the victim as a man, would have attended the occasion. The united Southern people were then engaged with terrible earnestness in a deadly struggle. They had no thought for anything else. The feeling of public political ownership—property—in the President would have been wanting—that sentiment which makes every man feel himself stricken in the great office which all own and administer. The occasion would have lacked the spirit of broad nationality which prevails more truly than ever before in our history—that rising above section and above party into the atmosphere of a broad American citizenship—which is so manifest to-day. The resulting phenomena are sentimental, perhaps sometimes even "gushing," in this case. The sentiment, even if exaggerated, is wholesome, robust and manly, and exerted about a proper object. The popular sentiment which flamed out over the assassination of Lincoln was, as now and here, just and wholesome, although circumstances made that manifestation sectional. The mere politician seemed to find his opportunity in exciting to a fiercer heat that passion which Mr. Garfield nobly did his best to still. This occasion appears to offer no opportunity to the politician; it is the people's occasion, and the politician is either conspicuously absent or only seen as one of the mass.

The attempt on the life of the President, the peril in which he was placed, the sorrow of the people, have not wrought the spirit of loyalty, nationality and union feeling, or stilled sectionalism, or assuaged party spirit. Such effects have been attributed; but to do so was to underrate American good sense and to believe the people capable of such effusive loyalty as we find preserved in the Jacobite songs. Such judgment is dishonoring to the American people and to General Garfield as a thoroughly representative American, who has experienced almost every phase of honest American life. If the wounding of one man may cause such profound effects, they may be as readily dissipated. A nation of bitter partisans, of sectional haters, filled with lingering war passions and inveterate prejudice, transformed by sympathy, indignation and apprehension at once into patriotic brethren! This is too much. Grant much to personal regard, to a spirit of loyalty attaching itself to and manifesting itself as to a man endowed with the chief official station, and to the fierce heat of a glowing sentiment of sympathy and honest indignation all the power they could have possessed, and it must fall short of capacity to produce the effects already apparent. The event was the occasion of their appearance and not the cause of their being. The elements, North

and South, were all ready to fuse and run together; the event broke the incrusting dross which held them apart, and in a moment they were one. That which had been done was manifested by this event, and beyond that something, doubtless, but not more than may arise from the universal indulgence of a proper sentiment. The truth is, that, following a great and manly struggle in war and a fierce struggle in the political arena, under all the windy war of politicians, and beneath the foggy exhalations of American politics, which attest a sometimes deadly exuberance, have grown up fraternity, unity, loyalty, and, upon both sides and upon all sides, a juster sentiment of true nationality.

In one sense, it is scarcely necessary to look at these phenomena from a party or sectional point of view. According to their various modes of manifesting sentiment, the exhibitions of just feeling have been general and national—calm here, more effusive there, according to local temperament, training, habit and natural peculiarities. It is everywhere the same loyalty to the Union, to the great office stricken in its occupant, to the American idea incarnate in the visible head of the American republic. A people bowed all in the same grief find they have practically and substantially but one opinion, one hope, one aim, one desire, and, really, when all is considered, one opinion as to how to realize their aspirations. Theoretical differences enough may be found for all who will spend time upon them. It is enough that this blow has been the occasion through which the American people have recognized the fact that, North and South, the great majority are agreed that the American Government, in so far as the relations of the Federal Government and the States are concerned, should be administered about as it has been administered for the past five years.

THE LONG DROUGHT.

MOTHER SHIPTON'S year, 1881, has already been signalized by many memorable occurrences, not the least being the long-continued drought now ravaging the country far and wide. It is, beyond any doubt, the severest that has afflicted the present generation. Under our climate, vigorously cold or vigorously hot, we are subject to unpleasantly long spells of wet or dry weather; but, when parched and roasted as at present, the fact becomes all the more obtrusive as the strength of the land and its inhabitants is strained many points beyond their habitual endurance. Two years ago there was an Autumn drought, but its evil effects were less keenly felt precisely because it happened towards the close of the year when necessarily less damaging. The most aggravating feature of the present visitation is that it came just at a moment to nip some crops in the bud and to prevent others from ripening and being harvested. When it came all vegetation was in its prime; since then each and every particular crop has been seriously damaged, when not utterly devastated. Grass everywhere has been scorched until it looks as if it had received a coat of brown paint, and, if the drought continues much longer, even its roots will be killed.

Throughout the Union there has been no rain, sufficient to penetrate the ground, for over six weeks. At some points the time has been greater, while at a few others light showers have barely sprinkled the surface. In this city, since the 1st of August, our supply of rain has been almost exclusively limited to the spray from street watering-carts, while in many portions of dusty New Jersey up to a day or two since there had been no rainfall whatever in sixty-five days. Wells, creeks, rivers are everywhere either wholly dried up or so low as to be in a very critical condition, and, as a consequence, people are suffering for water to drink. In several of the States we hear that water is carted about and sold for twenty-five cents a barrel. The water famine has been so extensive at Richmond, Va., in consequence of the lowness of James River—not equaled in the last sixty years—as to stop mills and disorganize business. Indeed, mills run by water-power are lying idle in every section.

The crops have already been damaged to the extent of many millions of dollars. The wheat crop was not hurt, having been gathered when the drought set in. Corn will be curtailed, on an average, one-third; it had to be cut undeveloped in order to save what little came up. Cotton has had a scanty growth, having been starved of moisture and scorched more or less in all the planting regions of the South; the crop will not be short, unless floods should now wash it away, only because an unusually large one was planted and expected. Tobacco has been withered, when not destroyed, in Maryland, Virginia and Kentucky; the crop will also be short one-third, and hence the last year's stock on hand of this great staple already rules in the market at fancy figures. Garden vegetables are wellnigh as wilted as garden flowers. The crop of late potatoes will be

cut short by one-half. The buckwheat crop was entirely lost, as it was sown only about the time the drought fairly commenced. Pastures are almost in every State in the interior burnt up, except in lowlands along rivers; as a consequence, farmers are reduced to feed their cattle and cows on barn hay, as in winter, in order to keep them alive.

At present, moreover, it is impossible to plow the soil, baked as it is unto the hardness of stone, cracked with great scars and seams; heavy rains alone can break it sufficiently to allow for the plowing and sowing of the great winter grains—wheat and rye.

Amidst this ruined and perishing condition of all nature, there is, of course, the accompanying havoc of huge forest fires, consuming in their wide sweep crops, villages, cattle and human lives. In Michigan, within the past few days, these fires have been especially severe. This affliction has not, however, been confined to the West, for, in the East, too, the forests have been ablaze, as the haze and smoke over the cities along the coast, from Boston to Norfolk, have disagreeably testified.

CIVIL SERVICE METHODS.

THE apprehension which has been felt in some quarters that the change of administration in the New York Custom House would be followed by an abandonment of civil service methods proves to be unfounded. In an interview last week with a committee of the Chamber of Commerce, Collector Robertson frankly and distinctly stated that he appreciated as highly as any one the benefits resulting from the reform system initiated by the late incumbent, and gave the assurance that this system shall be maintained. His precise language was as follows:

"As Collector of the Port of New York, my constant effort has been and will be to protect and promote the interests of the Government and of the merchants, and to afford every facility, not inconsistent or not in conflict with the laws, to the merchant in the transaction of his business with the Government. To that end I have pursued and shall pursue the policy adopted by my predecessor in making appointments. The usual competitive examinations will be had. My predecessor has left me a legacy of names of candidates for examination and appointment that will last for a long time."

The assurance here given, while it will disappoint the greedy partisans who hunger and thirst for places in the customs service, will afford profound satisfaction to the mercantile community and to business men generally. The fact that the civil service methods which have been so fruitful of benefits are to be continued in the administration of the most important revenue office of the country cannot fail to greatly stimulate the movement in favor of the elevation of that service everywhere, and in all departments of the public service.

AMERICAN ART.

NOTWITHSTANDING few of the wealthier American collectors own or care to possess any number of American pictures, our artists are making fine progress in every branch of art, and their productions are steadily advancing in value in all of the art-centres of the world. Perhaps the main reason why our appreciation of native work is so cold, and so unlike that found in almost every country in Europe, is that we have no national institution to foster and offer pecuniary encouragement to those struggling artists, of whom there are, in all of the departments of the profession, over 3,000 in the United States, and who must depend for an existence solely on the pencil, brush or chisel. Yet of this great number, embracing such names as J. G. Brown, Eastman Johnson, A. H. Wyant, Daniel Huntington, J. Q. A. Ward, James and William Hart, there are scarcely a dozen who earn incomes exceeding \$10,000 per year. No such paltry recompense rewards professional labor of any other kind in this country—literature, perhaps, alone excepted. And it is only necessary to cite the names of J. E. Millais in England, Meissonier in France, and Muncazy, the young Hungarian, to show that \$50,000 is an ordinary price for a leading European painter to obtain for a single work. Yet on tawdry and meretricious architecture, on glowing household luxuries, upon showy decoration, no people spend more money than our own. The very men who go abroad, as a rule, and lay out hundreds of thousands of dollars in foreign art, are the same to whom the Latin grammar is a sealed book. Certainly no one can prevent millionaires from buying anything in any market they may select, but it would seem that here in the United States, where they have made their fortunes, they might, at least, extend a helping hand to our artists and sculptors. The patronage now conferred upon these art-workers comes almost entirely from those in comfortable circumstances only. The apathy of the rich prevents the poor artist from undertaking any work of national import; and the idea of seeking Government commissions, or orders from State legislatures and municipalities, has been abandoned by the better men,

who are aware of the abuses surrounding any success in this direction.

It is thus apparent that there is a small chance for our art in the same fields where painting and sculpture are lavishly fostered in the Old World, unless the artists themselves will, by agitation and concurrent action, endeavor to educate public sentiment. The only institution that has anything of a national character at all is the Academy of Design; but, in fact, it is simply a local body, deriving its powers from the Legislature of the State of New York. What is needed is a general gathering of all the factions—and many there are cherishing bitter animosity—at which shall be discussed the best plan for placing American art upon its proper basis before the liberal buyers of the country, and formulate some plan for presentation to the public, and discover if there be a widespread popular feeling in favor of founding an institution similar in scope and endowment to the Royal Academy in London and the Salon in Paris. From time to time we read of congresses of the different professions extending over such diverse fields as from the National Bar Association to the mechanic arts. Surely there can be nothing more important than to found a school of painting in a country inhabited by 50,000,000 of people, wherein the average education is higher than in any other nation.

As must be stated frankly, the only distinct boast that can be made of our achievements in art is that our landscape school is the finest in the world. But in figure painting, large compositions, and even portraiture, we are many degrees behind the schools of the Old World. Clever craftsmen, however, appear on the roll of American artists. F. A. Bridgman, now but thirty-four years of age, exhibited in this city during the recent art season over three hundred finished pictures and studies. Connoisseurs, critics and buyers pronounced this collection as indicative of a talent standing in no inferiority to that of Gérôme, Bonnat or Cabanel. Yet there was not a single picture illustrative of an American subject. That an American, as in this case, should give the best years of his life to Eastern subjects and neglect his own country has been regarded as marvelous. Mr. Bridgman himself says he sees no art in his native land, that his education under Gérôme has so fixed his artistic habit upon subjects with which he has a peculiar sympathy, that he would make a failure were he to attempt to depict any phase of our history in a heroic composition. Apparent, therefore, must it be that there are no conditions favoring the production of important paintings in the United States at the present time.

With sculpture it is somewhat different; for public statuary, fountains, mortuary shafts, and external figures on prominent facades are multiplying with astonishing rapidity. Architecture, however, has felt the strongest impulse, due to the building going on in our great cities and the taste for every form of external and internal decoration. Yet it may be said that in this very important branch of art we have as yet founded no national school. Would it not be well, therefore, in view of these facts—well known to every artist—to bring about some gathering of the representatives of the allied arts, that the country may benefit by the talent and craftsmanship which exist among our artists, and which only need proper encouragement to permit us to compete with the best schools of the Old World?

ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

THE situation of the French in North Africa grows more perplexing and difficult. It is now asserted, and apparently with good reason, that the Bey is in league with the insurgents of Tunis, and the occupation of the capital will probably be necessary. The advance on Kairouan, the holy city, has been postponed, awaiting the arrival of reinforcements, and will not be attempted until a force of 30,000 troops can be massed for the purpose. The entire force in the regency will, by October, amount to 120,000 men. Algeria has been converted into a French department, and the governorship will hereafter amount only to a sub-prefecture. There are some fears of a famine in Algeria, and, to add to the troubles of the French, typhoid fever is raging among their troops. Hammamet, which was occupied by the French after a sharp conflict, is reported to have been burned.

The Land League in Ireland is making a desperate struggle to retain the extraordinary power which it acquired during the recent agitation, and which has been greatly impaired by the passage of the Land Act. Mr. Parnell continues to indulge in inflammatory speeches to the tenantry, intimating that they can only obtain their full rights by keeping up a reign of terror; but his counsel is not so readily taken as formerly. Bishop Nulty, of Meath, supports the Parnell policy, but the Roman Catholic Bishop of Elphin urges the tenants to accept the new law, which he thinks will confer great benefits. At the election in County Tyrone, the League has sustained a great defeat, the Parnell candidate receiving only 907 votes, and Mr. Dickson, the Liberal nominee, being elected by a clear majority, and that, too, in face of the fact that his Conservative opponent had de-

clared his purpose to support the Land Act. The verdict in Tyrone, in which but one previous Liberal triumph had been achieved in half a century, "is regarded as the emphatic declaration of tenant farmers of the North of Ireland in favor of the new law." The Marquis of Waterford has set a good example to the landlords, by announcing a permanent reduction of rents, and declaring that he means to enter into an amicable arrangement with his tenants, carrying out not only the letter but the spirit of the new law. There has been serious rioting at Limerick, where a mob was fired upon by the police, in retaliation for an assault with missiles of various kinds.

The secondary ballots for sixty-four members of the Chamber of Deputies resulted in the election of fifty-six Republicans, three Royalists and five Bonapartists—being a gain for the Republicans of ten seats, four of which are rescued from the Bonapartist faction. The new Chamber, without counting the colonial deputies, will comprise four hundred and fifty-nine Republicans, forty-seven Bonapartists, and forty-one Monarchists. M. Gambetta, in a recent speech, deprecated reopening the question of electoral reform at this time, and its consideration will probably be postponed. A passage in the same speech, in which he declared that Sedan would have been wiped out if France had more steadfast hearts, and if virtue, patriotism, independence and disdain for material enjoyments had more largely prevailed, was loudly cheered. M. Gambetta, in his tour of the provinces, has been everywhere received with great enthusiasm.

The Wesleyan Ecumenical Council, which opened in London on the 7th instant, is attracting wide attention both on account of its high representative character and the importance of the objects it has in view. The American delegates figure largely in the deliberations, and the Lord Mayor, in a reception at the Mansion House, expressed especial satisfaction that this country was so largely represented. The opening sermon was preached by Bishop Simpson, and one of the first acts of the council was the adoption of a resolution, proposed by the Business Committee, expressing sympathy with President Garfield, and requesting the prayers of delegates in his behalf. Some 900 delegates were present at the opening sessions. The council will remain in session for twelve days.

The sovereigns of Europe appear to be maneuvering for position, as if anticipating some great upheaval in the near future. The conference of the German and Russian Emperors at Dantzig undoubtedly looks to some closer relations between those great Powers than has recently existed, and it is not, perhaps, unnatural that some anxiety should be felt in Austria, France and England as to the object and outcome of the consultation, about which the official press of Germany had preserved a suspicious secrecy. The London Times ventures the opinion that "no new wars or alliances" will come of the interview, and this may prove to be the immediate fact, but the situation between Germany and Russia can scarcely be just what it has been now that the Emperor and the Czar have embraced in cordial friendship and exchanged opinions as to the state of Europe.

The new United States Minister to Turkey, General Lew Wallace, presented his credentials last week, and was cordially received by the Sultan, who asked that his assurances of sympathy be communicated to the President.—The Nihilists in Russia are showing increased activity, and fresh plots are anticipated.—The situation in Afghanistan is becoming increasingly critical for Ayoub Khan.—The Greek occupation of the territory ceded by Turkey has been completed.

An attempt to resuscitate the World's Fair project will be made upon the reassembling of Congress. It is not at all likely to succeed. There is nothing that Congress can do to give vitality to the scheme so long as the people remain indifferent, and there are no indications whatever of a revival of popular interest. The project is dead, and the only proper thing to do is to recognize the fact and give it decent burial.

The Mexican Government sets a good example in proceeding civilly and criminally against the railroad and Government officials who have been found to be responsible for a railway accident by which several lives were lost. If railway officials generally were punished as they deserve for the carelessness which so often results in loss of property and life, we would very soon see a higher standard of efficiency in railroad management.

The retirement of Drs. Reyburn and Woodward from the President's case has been made the theme of a good deal of unnecessary newspaper comment. The withdrawal seems to have occurred at the request of the President himself, who could not see the necessity of maintaining so large a surgical corps, and it is difficult to see why anybody should object if the patient is satisfied. He certainly has a right to choose his own attendants, and Drs. Bliss, Agnew and Hamilton may be supposed to be equal, professionally, to any emergency which may arise.

GENERAL E. A. MERRITT, who has just entered upon his duties as Consul-general at London, has left a record behind him as Collector of this port which attests most conclusively his high business capacity. His report of his administration of the New York Custom House shows that, during his official term, extending from July 20th, 1878, to and including July 31st, 1881, he received the enormous sum of \$397,385,772.78—for duty from customs, \$372,264,732.76; for tonnage,

hospital dues, etc., \$4,125,111.79, and also for purposes of disbursement, \$20,995,929.05—every dollar of which has been paid out for the various accounts for which it was received and for which vouchers are on file in the department. There is a great deal said, and often with truth, of the decay of integrity and efficiency in the public service, but certainly a record like this, so honorable alike to the Government and to the official who has achieved it, may well revive public confidence in the character of that service in its more important business relations.

It is stated officially that "since the treaty of 1868 the different tribes of Sioux have cost the country about \$19,000,000 in the shape of direct appropriations for their support," etc. Of this sum, probably not five per cent. has ever reached the Sioux, all the rest finding its way into the pockets of agents, traders and the hangers-on of the Indian Bureau. The Indian, even when civilized, is bad enough, but the white men, who have so long preyed upon him, through the weakness and indifference of the Government, are a great deal worse in every respect.

A POOL of Wall Street speculators last week forced up the stock of the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad from 96½ to 200. The "shorts" being mostly men of large means promptly settled their "differences" in cash at the last figure. One of them is said to have paid \$700,000, another \$480,000, and so on. The general market was not sensibly affected by the operations of the pool. Speculators generally seemed rather to enjoy the "squeeze," its principal victims being persons who have repeatedly played that game upon others, but it is difficult to see just where the business morality of such a procedure comes in.

THE transfer of the President from the malarial atmosphere of Washington to the more healthful and bracing temperature of Long Branch has been followed by a marked improvement in his general condition, and, while he is not out of danger, there seems to be ground to hope that he may yet struggle back to health and life. He is now permitted to see and talk with the members of the Cabinet, and he manifests a lively interest in everything that goes on about him. In fact, he seems to have taken the management of his case into his own hands. The prayers of his countrymen in his behalf will not cease so long as there is even the faintest possibility that he may finally recover.

THE business of preparing Christmas and New Year cards has obtained large proportions both in this country and Great Britain. There is now open in London an exhibition of 1,147 competitive designs for cards of description, which has been got up by a firm of stationers, who offered \$17,500 in prizes; and Mr. Jennings, in a letter to the *World*, says that "there is better work shown in these designs than has been shown at many an exhibition of the Royal Academy." The prizes appear to have been awarded for drawings that are not especially appropriate for the holiday season; but the cards are expected to have an enormous sale. The sales of these cards in the United States last year were very large, and it is a proof of the improving art taste of our people that the best and costliest were most in demand.

In a recent sermon on the attempted assassination of the President, Rev. Dr. Talmage strongly and pertinently denounced the habit of carrying deadly weapons. "I wish," he said, "that the figure of this Washington assassin, going about with a revolver and practicing at a mark, in order that he might bring down our President all the more surely, might be a warning to our young men and disgust them with the habit of carrying a pistol. Armed police, sheriffs and frontier officers, sworn to execute the law, are well enough; but, citizens, snap your sword-canes and fling away your revolvers. You have no better weapons than the two which God gave, two honest fists, and they're easily loaded. He who goes about with a pistol to defend himself with is a coward; and if you are afraid to go down the street unarmed, then you'd better get your grandmother to go along with you and take her knitting-needles." The advice is good, and as timely as good.

No RISKS of accident are taken by Queen Victoria when she travels by rail. On her recent journey to Scotland, the utmost precautions were adopted for her safety, very detailed instructions being issued to the various railway officials for the purpose, and it was distinctly stated that on the occasion none of the public were to be admitted under any circumstances to the stations between London and Edinburgh; that the company's servants were to perform the necessary work on the platforms without noise, and that no cheering or other demonstration was to be permitted, the object being that the Queen might be undisturbed during the night journey. The royal train was provided with a complement of fitters, lampmen and greasers, and was preceded by a pilot engine; it was also furnished with continuous brakes and electric communicators. A "lookout-man" was placed on the tender of the engine with instructions to keep his face turned to the rear of the train for the purpose of observing signals, and similar orders were given to the guard in the front van. A journey taken under these conditions could scarcely be otherwise than absolutely safe.

THE new Commissioner of Agriculture, Dr. Loring, appears to be the right man in the right place. From a recent statement of the

work he has so far undertaken, we learn that, in addition to selecting a commission for the exploration of the wine-growing and grain-producing lands of New Mexico and California, and appointing a scientific board of surgeons to select the best points for artesian wells in the great arid regions east of the Rocky Mountains, he has sent abroad a competent agent to report upon the schools of forestry and experiment stations in Europe, and has directed a capable veterinary surgeon to investigate the condition of American cattle landed in Europe, whose reports have already done much to relieve the English mind of this fear of importing contagious cattle diseases. He has also asked the Governors of the middle seaboard States to aid him in selecting persons to investigate the extent of pleuro-pneumonia, and recently has called a series of agricultural conventions, to be held at the Department of Agriculture in January next, for the purpose of discussing the various branches of agriculture. It is quite obvious that the President, in substituting Loring for Le Duc, has done a good thing for the agriculture of the country.

THERE has never been in any country a finer piece of railroad work than the transfer of the President, last week, from Washington to Long Branch. The Pennsylvania Railroad sometimes, as a corporation, exerts an influence which is contrary to sound public policy, but in a purely railway sense it is, in its management, discipline and efficiency, altogether without a rival. In a great emergency its vast resources can always be relied upon as equal to the utmost demand. In this case it performed a delicate and a difficult work with absolute perfection. The President was taken up in his bed at the White House and put down on the edge of the sea, 230 miles away, as tenderly and safely as if he had lain, all through the seven hours, in the arms of his wife or mother in the sick-chamber at the Capitol. The precision of detail was simply wonderful, and the achievement shows, in a striking manner, the progress which has been made in those conditions which go to insure safety and comfort in railway travel. As to the conduct of the people all along the route pursued by the Presidential train, it illustrated the very best and brightest side of American character. *The Herald* happily depicts the scene in these words:

"In all the demonstrations of sympathy that the nation has shown for this large-hearted man from the first day he was hurt, there has been many a touching and notable spectacle, but nothing to equal what was seen where the crowds in Washington stood bareheaded as the object of so much sympathy was borne by; where the country people flocked to points at which the train must pass to accord the same meed of mute and touching respect, and where in every part of the land there was no theme touched upon in common conversation save such as related to this journey and the hope men had of it."

In his opening address last week, before the American Social Science Association, President Wayland made some remarks on the defects in law-making which admirably supplement our own recent comments on the extravagant excesses of legislation. After showing the carelessness and want of deliberation which characterize the action of many of our legislative bodies, and the necessity of reform in the whole business of making laws, he suggested, as a partial remedy, the idea of a permanent non-partisan commission, whose province it should be to consider all projects for public laws, giving audience to all persons who wish to be heard for or against proposed measures, and reporting their conclusions to the next session of the General Assembly. Such a body, composed mainly of eminent lawyers, should, he thought, include a representation from the mercantile class. Not being dependent for their tenure of office on popular caprice or the mutations of party, the members of such a commission might be expected to acquire some knowledge of the science of jurisprudence, some familiarity with the fundamental law of their State, some definite information as to what had already been enacted. "They would not shrink from originating a law which would remove an existing abuse, or prevent a threatened harm, or correct a previous error in legislation. In order to secure uniformity in language and arrangement, they should depute to one of their number the duty of drafting all such bills as they had decided to present for the deliberation of the General Assembly, and, where the Legislature is concerned, members should be entitled to seats on the floor and allowed to explain, and, if necessary, defend their action." President Wayland calls attention to the fact that this plan has been pursued with gratifying results in a Western State, where precisely such a privilege was conferred during two sessions of the Legislature upon the commissioners who had reported a new code. The suggestion here made is certainly a practical one, and there can be no doubt that its general adoption would result in a cure of many of the evils now complained of. At first, no doubt, the average legislator would resent the idea of having all Acts prepared by an outside commission, but in time the advantages of the plan, in the prevention of crude and redundant legislation, would be so obvious that few would have the hardihood to stand up against it.

WAITING.

THE arid air broods sullen, motionless, O'er land and sea, like solemn augury Of some impending fate! On bended knee A nation wrung with vengeful bitterness Travels the while in deep and dire distress. Bowed down in dust, dethroned Liberty (Ah, woful day, when we such sight must see!) Is supplicating heaven to raise and bless Her martyred head by murderous hand laid low. What wonder that indignant clouds their rain Withhold! Sorrow like this finds no relief In tears. With bated breath we wait to know The issue of th' unequal strife. Shall gain Be Death's, or Life restore to us our Chief?

SEPTEMBER 8, 1881.

A. H. M.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

A GRAND JURY at Uniontown, Pa., has indicted seven Molly Maguires for murder.

THE New York Democratic State Convention will be held at Albany on October 11th.

THE passenger fares by the trunk lines from Chicago to the East have been reduced to \$5.

THE Social Science Association, at its Saratoga meeting last week, elected Francis Wayland as President.

THE tide of immigration continues unabated. In one day last week, 2,530 immigrants landed at this port.

MOODY and Sankey are about to visit Great Britain for the purpose of prosecuting their revival work.

GENERAL SHERMAN visited the New England Fair at Worcester last week, and was enthusiastically received.

At the municipal election in San Francisco, last week, the Republicans elected nearly all their candidates, including Mayor, Auditor and Sheriff.

EIGHT persons were killed, September 9th, by the precipitation of a train on the Shelbyville (Ky.) Railroad into a creek, a distance of thirty feet.

THE drought at Pulaski, Oswego County, in this State, is so great that padlocks have been put on the wells to prevent any but owners from using them.

LEADING merchants in the drygoods trade in New York City say that the season opened earlier, and is busier, than any previous one for several years.

J. N. D. SHINKEL, the member of the Cornell crew who is accused by the other members of having sold the race at Vienna, denies the charge and attributes it to spite.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL McVEIGH has retained the Hon. Benjamin H. Brewster, of Pennsylvania, and George Bliss, of New York, to conduct the Star Route prosecutions.

A PAPER read at the late meeting of the Social Science Association states that there are 390 woman physicians engaged in active practice in twenty-six States of the Union.

A COMPANY of English capitalists has been formed for the purpose of developing the resources of Long Island both agriculturally and as a place for summer residences.

THE Ute Indians have all gone to their new reservation, and white settlers have already crowded in and staked out claims covering twenty miles of land on the abandoned territory.

THE inhabitants of Arizona are arming and preparing to fight the Apaches. The Federal Government has been applied to for arms, and General McDowell has received orders to issue 200 pieces.

THE stalwarts controlled the Pennsylvania Republican State Convention held last week. General S. M. Bailey, one of the famous 306 of the Chicago National Convention, was nominated for State Treasurer.

FIVE women and three men, said to be connected with a band of robbers who have blown open over fifty safes within the last two years, have been arrested in Denver, Col. Over \$5,000 worth of plunder has been recovered.

PRAYERS for the President's recovery were said on Tuesday last throughout Pennsylvania, North Carolina, Illinois, Ohio, Georgia and California. Thursday was observed as a day of prayer in Michigan, Massachusetts, Maine, New York, New Jersey and other States. In this city the observance of the day was general and the services unusually solemn.

A MAIL and express train on the Chicago and Alton Railroad was brought to a halt on the night of the 7th instant at a point fourteen miles east of Kansas City, and boarded by twelve masked burglars, who robbed the passengers and the express car, keeping down all resistance with a formidable show of firearms. Eight of the robbers are reported to have been caught.

It is the opinion of some of the Treasury officials that Secretary Windom will soon issue another call for bonds, and that it will be for the continued sizes. The receipts continue so heavy that the cash accumulates faster than it can be disbursed, and it is understood to be the fixed policy of the Secretary to so manage his operations, if possible, as to prevent the locking up of sums sufficiently large to disturb the natural course of business.

WEDNESDAY, September 7th, was the hottest day of the year. In New York City the thermometer reached 101 degrees in the shade, and a large number of cases of sunstroke were reported. In some Western cities the temperature was even higher than here. In Dakota the other extreme was reached in a heavy snow-storm, which left five inches on a level at Deadwood and three inches at Custer City. At Bald Mountain the snow was two feet deep.

Foreign.

THE Bill to restrict Chinese immigration has passed the Assembly and Council of New South Wales.

A PRUSSIAN legation will be re-established at the Vatican, and it is presumed that the Pope is willing to come to an understanding on the questions at issue.

THE Italian Minister of War will shortly inspect the forts on the French frontier. The Italian Government is urged to prohibit the exportation of cavalry horses to France.

FOUR thousand Egyptian soldiers, with thirty pieces of artillery, last week surrounded the Abdin, the Khedive's residence, and demanded the assembling of the notables and the dismissal of all the Khedive's Ministers. Their demand was promptly complied with.

In Lancashire the cotton spinners are greatly excited over the cotton rings in Liverpool. It is charged that the rings exact from 10 to 20 per cent. more than the fair market price for the raw material, and the spinners threaten to break them up by working short time.

In Peru, terms of peace are being discussed by the Provisional Government of President Calderon and the Chilean representative. Pierola recently addressed his "National Assembly" at Ayacucho, and, after recounting the misfortunes of the country, resigned his dictatorship and expressed his intention of retiring to private life.

LORD DERBY, discussing the agricultural depression and the "fair-trade" movement at a public meeting last week, said the seasons had been against the English farmer, and that trade had received a temporary check, but pointed out that thirty-five millions of ingenious people with unbounded capital could not be easily dislodged from their industrial position.

THE Emperor William, accompanied by the Crown Prince and Bismarck, met the Czar on board the German imperial yacht off Dantzig on Friday last. The meeting of the Emperors was most affectionate. They appeared to be deeply moved, and kissed each other several times. Subsequently, the royal party drove into Dantzig, amid the pealing of bells, a salute of artillery and great cheering.

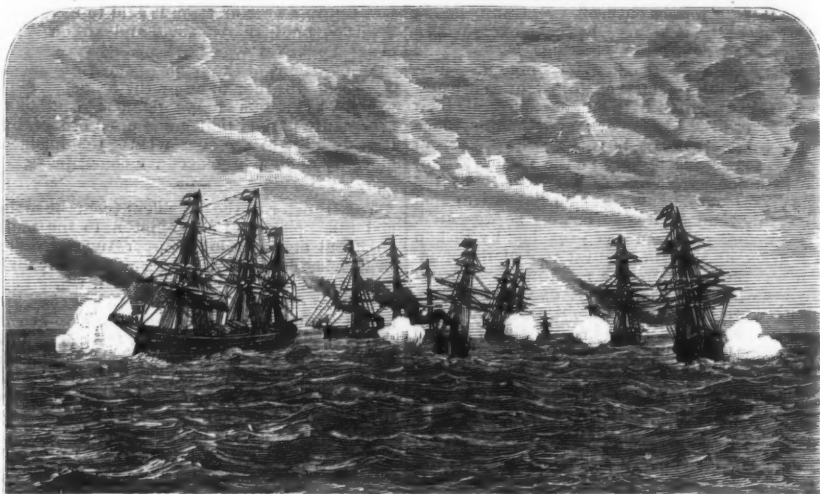
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 59.



RUSSIA.—CELEBRATION OF MASS AT OPENING OF GREAT FAIR AT NIJNI-NOVGOROD.



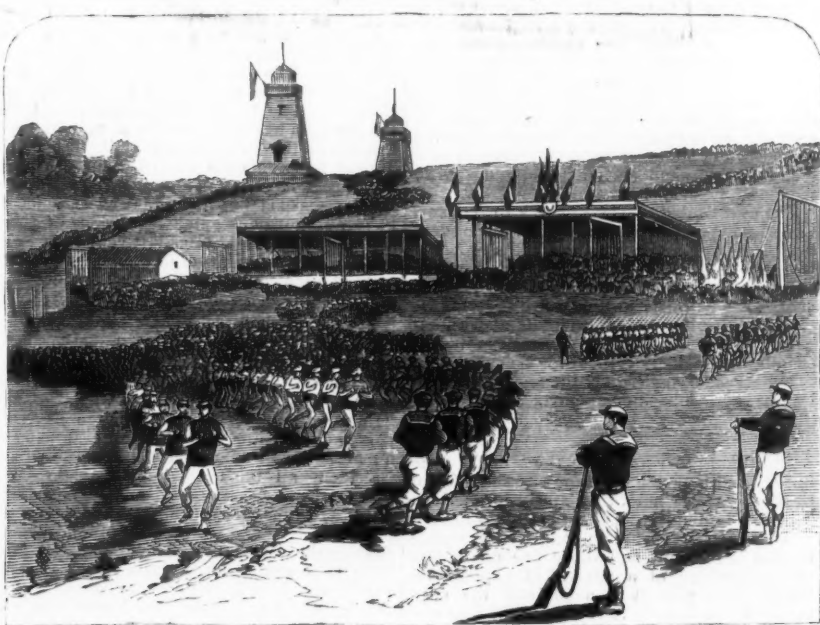
SPAIN.—RECEPTION OF THE KING AND QUEEN AT THE FERROL ARSENAL.



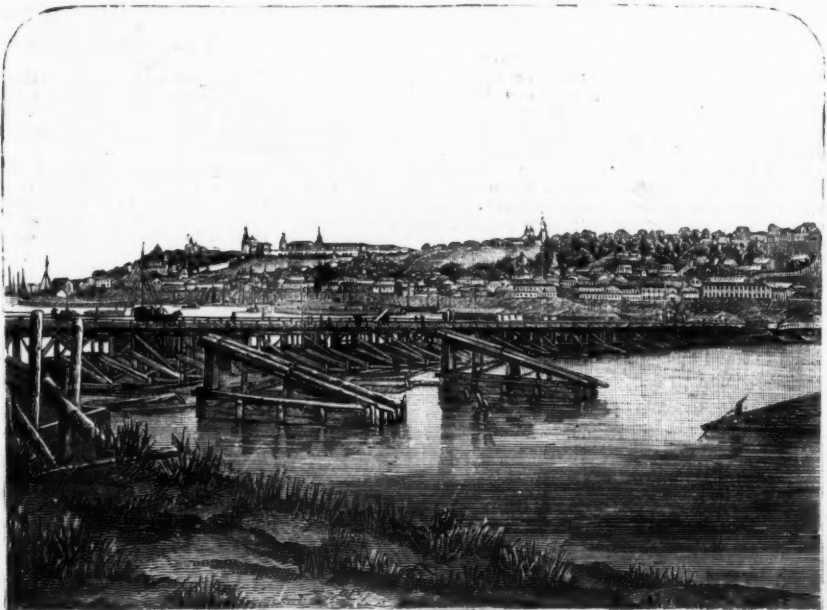
SPAIN.—THE FLEET SALUTING THE ROYAL CORVETTE OFF CAPE PRIOR.



FRANCE.—M. GAMBETTA SPEAKING TO THE ELECTORS OF BELLEVILLE, PARIS.



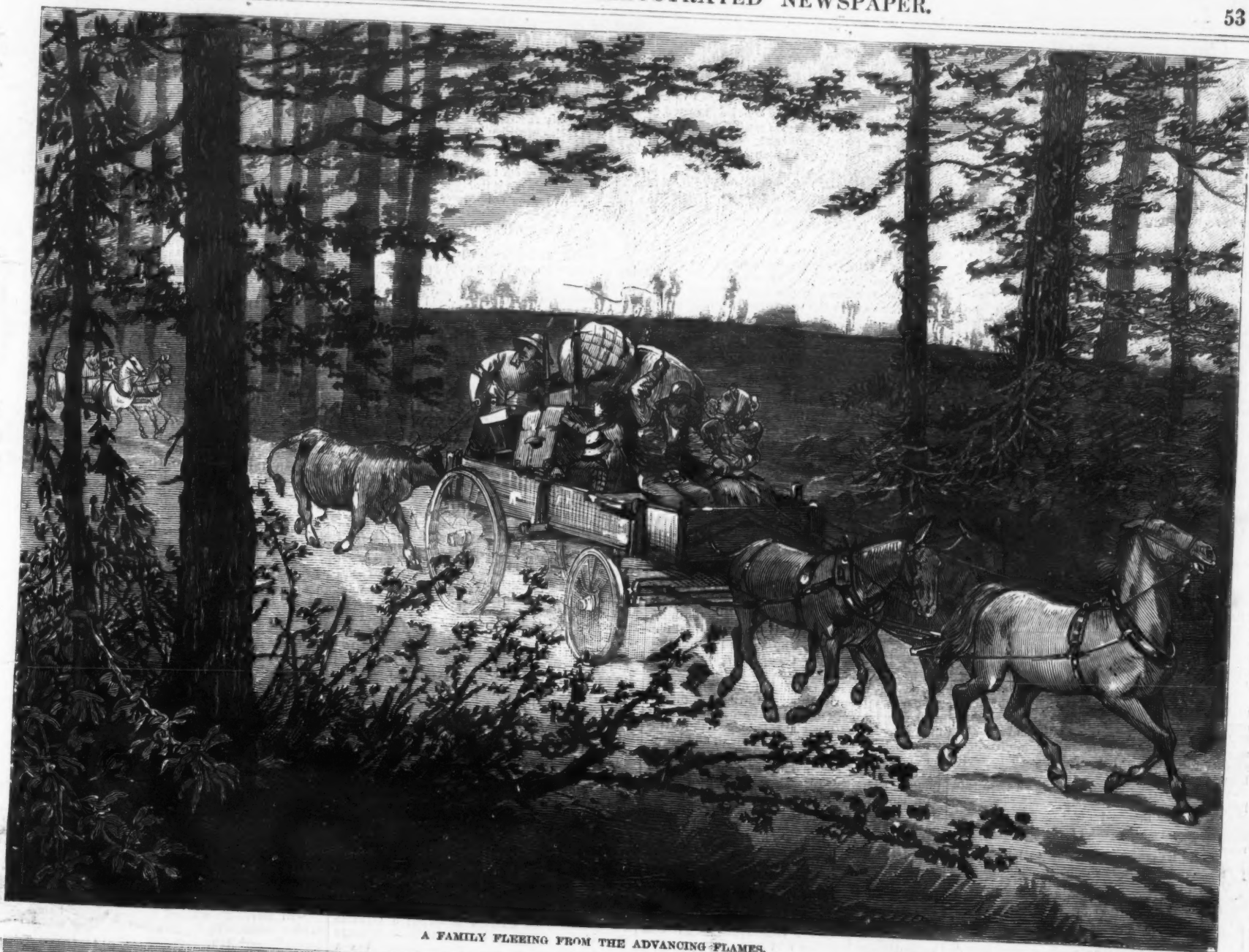
FRANCE.—REUNION OF GYMNASIUM SOCIETIES AT HAVRE.



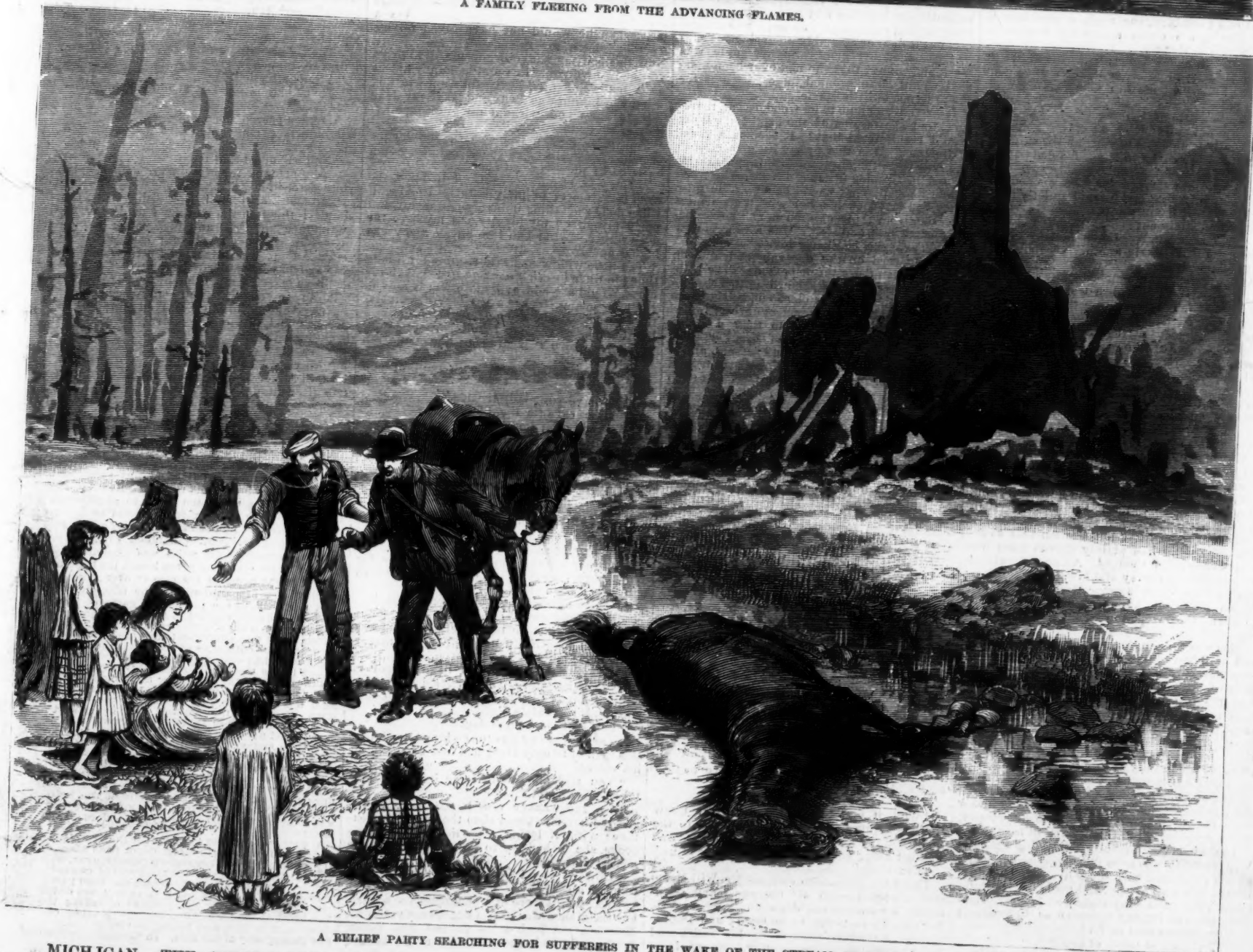
RUSSIA.—VIEW OF THE CITY OF NIJNI-NOVGOROD.



INDIA.—A MENAGERIE BACE AT THE INFANTRY BARRACKS, SINGAPORE.



A FAMILY FLEEING FROM THE ADVANCING FLAMES.



A RELIEF PARTY SEARCHING FOR SUFFERERS IN THE WAKE OF THE STREAM OF FIRE.
MICHIGAN.—THE DESTRUCTIVE FOREST FIRES IN THE SAGINAW VALLEY.—FROM SKETCHES BY CORRESPONDING ARTISTS.—SEE PAGE 59.

A LITTLE WIDOW AND HER SUITORS.

BY J. ESTEN COOKE.

CHAPTER I.

MRS. BERESFORD, young, pretty, or, to be more precise, just twenty-two, with chestnut braids, blue eyes and an air of sadness, came to the Beach—our little seaside resort—for her daughter's health. It was soon known that the lady was a widow, and wrapped up in her child. Every day the frail little one was seen in her baby-carriage, with her mother and maid, moving to and fro under the shade of the trees, and Mrs. Beresford's cottage was the favorite resort of the best people of the place.

These were ladies only, since Mrs. Beresford did not mingle much with, or make the acquaintance of, gentlemen. The moment came, however, when she was to become less exclusive.

Marie, as she called her child, was taken quite ill, and Doctor George Meredith, the resident physician, was sent for in haste. He obeyed with great promptness. For just two weeks he had been following the little widow about with his eyes, thinking of her when he retired at night, and speculating vainly on the possibility of inducing her to become permanently associated with his household in the character of Mrs. Doctor Meredith. In other words, George Meredith, twenty-eight, tall, good-looking, and a man esteemed by everybody, had fallen in love with Mrs. Beresford.

He went in haste to the small cottage, and announced himself. Mrs. Beresford exclaimed: "Oh, doctor, I am so glad you have come! Marie is so ill!"

Then her blue eyes filled with tears, and she drew him to the small bed. The manner in which she did so, laying her hand on his arm, was childlike and confiding. Her eyes interrogated him with earnest feeling as he felt the child's pulse, and he could hear her suppress a little sob.

When Doctor George Meredith went back to his office he found his brother Will there, smoking a cigar. They were not unlike, but Will was two years younger. He had already acquired a very gratifying practice in his profession, the law, and his cordial manners made him a general favorite.

"Well, old Galen, where have you been this hour?" he said.

"To see the little widow."

"You don't say? Then she really allows a man to look at her?"

"Her child is sick—is going to be very ill. I am very sorry—and she has other trouble."

Mr. Will Meredith listened attentively.

"Other trouble?" he said.

"She told me all about it in the simplest manner. I don't know how it came about, but as the little one was asleep under the effect of an anodyne, she made a confidant of me. She has a claim under her husband's will which is disputed. Everything depends upon it. Without success in the lawsuit which is about to be brought, she will be penniless. She asked me to recommend counsel, and I recommended you."

"Me!" exclaimed Will Meredith.

"Why not? It was natural. You are thoroughly competent to conduct the suit, and I promised to bring you to see her and consult about it."

Will Meredith smoked for some moments in an absent way. At last he said, quietly:

"Of course, I will go at once. Have you made an appointment?"

"For this evening. Come at six, when I will make little Marie another visit and present you."

At six the brothers entered Mrs. Beresford's cottage, and Will Meredith was presented to the lady. She received him with the same air of childlike confidence, and then all her attention was given for the moment to Doctor George Meredith, who was at the bedside of Marie. The little sufferer had a burning fever, and Doctor Meredith, who was too young to have become professionally hardened, looked very much troubled. The lady saw his expression, and again her eyes filled quickly.

"Oh, doctor, she is not worse?" she exclaimed.

"No, madam," he said, "but it is my duty to tell you that she is very ill. I trust by tomorrow, however—"

Mrs. Beresford sank back in her chair, and, covering her face with her handkerchief, uttered a hopeless sob.

There was no legal consultation that evening. The child had plainly driven from her mind every other thought. All considerations of business, of money and lawsuits had disappeared from view. Doctor Meredith returned to his office an hour afterwards with his brother—they were to call again in the morning.

This was the simple manner in which George and Will Meredith made the acquaintance of Mrs. Beresford. They returned to the cottage in the forenoon of the next day, and this time had the pleasure of seeing Mrs. Beresford's face under a new aspect. Little Marie had slept well during the night, and her fever had sensibly abated. She was still quite ill, but there was a new hope, and hope is the sunshine of the human countenance. Mrs. Beresford was a new being. Her face glowed as she looked at Doctor George Meredith, her beautiful hands lying in her lap were clasped and a little raised—she was the picture of joy and, her visitors added to themselves, of loveliness.

The business consultation followed. Mr. Will Meredith was soon put in possession of the points connected with the will. The lady furnished him with a copy, and made a brief statement which was very simple and clear. Then the brothers retired together as before, and Doctor George said to Will:

"What do you think of her?"

"I think she is charming," was the reply.

"You are right, Will—why don't you make love to her?"

"What an idea! I'm not a marrying man." "You will marry, some day. Here is your opportunity. Go and gain her lawsuit—you say it involves a large property. Then she will be grateful, you see—you will be married and live happily ever afterwards!"

Will blushed a little and said:

"Well, as you have so high an opinion of the little widow, why not court her yourself?"

"Pshaw!" said Doctor George, with something very much resembling his brother's blush, "you can't expect an old fellow like myself to fall in love with every pretty patient I have!"

"Not with all—with this one."

"I have no time, my dear fellow—too busy. There is some one coming after me now."

A summons came for the doctor to see one of his patients, and the conversation ended.

Thereafter, as the days wore on, a closer and closer intimacy grew up between these three persons. The widow, who had lost all her color, and become as white as a calla lily at her child's danger, was all roses again. Little Marie—thanks to the assiduous attendance of Dr. Meredith—had recovered from her illness; and ten times a day the happy mother told him how grateful she was for all his kindness.

After a while this close friendship ripened into a charming intimacy and unreserve. Mrs. Beresford was one of those persons who give their confidence unasked to those who win it, and her relations with the two brothers were full of frankness and sweetness like her bearing. She came to call one of them Doctor George and the other Mr. Will, and a part of every day was passed in the society of one or the other of them.

Not with both together. They did not visit Mrs. Beresford in company with each other. Was this by design? Probably. The truth is, the brothers were both very much in love with Mrs. Beresford. She seemed more and more worthy of it as they knew her better and better. Some persons impress at first—afterwards not so favorably; others more as one knows them better; a third class please in the beginning, and end by becoming charming. To this latter class belonged the little widow. She was perfectly natural, and knew no more of the world than a girl of seventeen.

Certain words conjure up certain ideas and images. The word "widow" is one of these. You conceive a person dressed in black who does not smile, having buried her sunshine; or a gay some one, not dressed in black, who makes eyes and beams on everybody—provided the everybody is of the opposite sex. There was nothing at all of either in Mrs. Beresford. She had been married at seventeen, lived in the most private manner, and had only emerged from this retirement on the death of her husband to come to the Beach for the benefit of her child's health. It was impossible to imagine any human being more innocent and confiding. She wore half-mourning, but it did not resemble mourning. Years had assuaged her grief, and her smile was fresh and young; that she had ever been married would have seemed impossible but for the presence of little Marie.

It was not so much to be wondered at, therefore, that she fascinated the brothers. What would result from that? It seemed a great misfortune. Was this pretty little face, with the blue eyes, the chestnut braids and the innocent lips, coming to cause dissension between the brothers? That would be a terrible pity. They had loved each other with the warmest affection from their childhood, and never before came into collision. Was a woman now to interrupt this brotherly love?

Not a word on the one subject had been said between these three persons. The little lady and her friends seemed united by no more than the ties of a close and affectionate intimacy. But the old careless unreserve had disappeared. From time to time a stolen glance from the blue eyes of Mrs. Beresford interrogated the faces of the brothers, and a shade of sadness, like the fitting gloom from a floating cloud, passed over her face. At such moments she sighed and said nothing.

CHAPTER II.

"GEORGE!" "Will!"

"I am going to look after the matter of the suit now. The trial comes on in ten days, and there is no time to lose. You know it is full two days' travel to —. I had better start, therefore. But I'll be back pretty soon—as soon as possible. Look after the little widow while I'm gone."

Will Meredith said this in the simplest way, and walked to the mantelpiece to relight his cigar which he had suffered to go out. A light movement of his breast thus escaped Doctor George, who for a moment made no reply.

"But—you are not obliged to go at once—you— In fact, Will, I was going to recommend the little widow to you," said Doctor George, with a forced laugh.

"To me? But you are going nowhere." "I had thought of making a trip. I will tell you about it another time. Are you obliged to go? My own absence would be for only—not for so much as a month."

The brothers looked at each other, but neither read anything.

"If I am to try the case I will have to go," said Will, quietly.

George reflected and colored a little.

"Well, if you must—and then you know there is nothing to detain me here. As to the little widow, she has plenty of friends, and will get along very well without either of us."

"Certainly."

There the discussion ended. Mr. Will Meredith, fortified with all the necessary documents, set out for the distant city where Mrs. Beresford's suit was to be tried; and Doctor George Meredith packed up his valise and went to tell the widow good-by. He would be

absent, he said, probably for about a month. This notification was made to the lady about sunset in her cottage. The long, red rays plunging through the window fell upon the rosy cheeks and blonde curls of little Marie, who was asleep on the sofa; and Mrs. Beresford, with a Japanese fan in her little white hand, was gently fanning the child.

"Going?" she said, when Doctor George Meredith announced his intended departure.

"Yes; I really must—I need not tell you how—how little I wish to go."

Was the composed Doctor George Meredith blushing, and was his voice faltering? It certainly seemed so.

"Why are you going, Doctor George?" said Mrs. Beresford.

Now, when Mrs. Beresford looked at anybody in that manner it was not possible for a personage of the other sex to remain altogether unmoved. Her cheeks, ordinarily with only a faint color, came to resemble blush-roses, and her blue eyes seemed to melt and swim in—could it be tenderness? The hand which he had taken to tell her good-by shook in his own, and her corsage rose and fell—it really seemed that some alien element had suddenly entered the bracing sea air, and that Mrs. Beresford could not breathe without taking very short breaths.

Doctor George Meredith was a little more composed—not much. To a philosophic eye contemplating his deportment, the fact would have been obvious that he was very much in love. Without precisely knowing what he was about, he raised the little widow's hand to his lips and kissed it. He then performed a more mysterious ceremony. She wore a white dress, with close fitting sleeves, terminating at the wrist in deep cuffs which just touched with their edges the small jeweled hands. Doctor George Meredith, apparently in an agitated reverie, pushed back the cuff on the hand which he held and kissed the white arm just above the wrist. Then he looked up and their eyes met. There was nothing in her own, or in her face full of blushes, which was calculated to chill the lover. He said:

"I love you so much! I have loved you almost from the instant I first saw you—and Will loves you, too!"

Mrs. Beresford drew a long breath, hesitated, and then said, in a low voice:

"I am so sorry!"

It was ambiguous. Could she mean that she was distressed at the announcement made by Doctor George Meredith that he loved her, or that his brother loved her? He was in a maze. No doubt from absence of mind he retained her hand.

"Do you know why I am going away?" he said.

"No," sotto voce.

"Because I do not wish to remain near you. I cannot help loving you and showing you that I do—and Will loves you, too! You do not know how hard all this is—what a terrible temptation. Will and myself have always loved each other, and there never was a day when he would not have given up his own happiness for mine, or I mine for his. Now this one thought confronts me. Will loves you and I love you. I cannot be happy unless he is made unhappy. Oh, what am I to do? What can I do but go away and leave my dear Will to show you, without my glum face by, how much he loves you?"

The quiet Doctor George was no longer recognizable. His voice shook and he seemed agitated by the strongest emotion.

"You see, now," he said, "I had not the least intention of telling you this. I feel as if I had done something unmanly and disloyal. I pride myself on my loyalty and my love for my brother. What can I do but go away—as he has gone?"

The little widow had said nothing for a long time; but her heaving corsage had spoken for her. Would she add articulate words now in reply to Doctor George's passionate protestations? And, if she did so, would she advise him to go or stay? She did neither. She said, in a voice which scarcely rose above the lap of the surf near:

"I should be so lonely with both of you away."

"You have your lady friends."

"I do not care for them."

"Will will soon come back."

No reply.

"He loves you—I am sure of it."

"But—"

She stopped.

"You mean—"

"I do not love him."

"You will do so in time," said Doctor George, with a beating heart.

She shook her head.

In spite of himself—in spite of his love for Will, George Meredith felt overjoyed. Human nature is a poor affair.

"Women never know their own hearts."

"I know my own."

"You are alone; it is a terrible word for a young and beautiful woman. You will marry—for a companion."

"Marry," she said, with a little tremor in her voice and figure, "marry for a companion without love? How could I? How could you think it possible?"

"You will love, some day."

It really was curious to see how completely this man of twenty-eight had lost command of his voice.

"You will meet with some one who will touch your heart."

Then the weaker vessel—the mere girl—showed herself calmer than the superior creature; without losing a particle of her innocence, she looked up to him, and said, in the merest whisper:

"How do you know that it has not been touched already?"

These words were of a commonplace nature, but the glance was not. Consequently, George Meredith put both arms around Mrs. Beresford's neck, and drew her face to his breast,

where it rested without making any effort to change its position.

Poor Will!

On the very day when Doctor George Meredith and Mrs. Beresford had made their arrangements definitely to be married, Will Meredith wrote them: "Rejoice with me, my friends! Mrs. Beresford's suit is gained in every point, and I am very much mistaken if a full settlement of the estate does not make her a young (and charming) partial millionairess." It was one of the most difficult of all things to George Meredith to write back, but he did so, and Will responded:

"You think that's news! What a fancy! I have suspected it for ages. So be it—bless you, my children! I'll be in time for the wedding."

But this seemed most doubtful. Will did not even return. He made a full settlement of his law business by mail, said that he would now take a jaunt to Canada, and that was the last that was heard of him for many a day.

Doctor George Meredith and Mrs. Beresford were married in the Autumn, and, as the cottage was a more agreeable place of residence than the doctor's bachelor quarters, the young married people resided there. It was a homelike little establishment, well protected from the sea-breeze, and Spring of the ensuing year found them still residing there. Nothing could be brighter or happier than the appearance of the small ménage, but a lurking sadness would linger in the bottom of George Meredith's heart. He had loved his brother dearly, and he now knew all—that Will had gone away to leave the coast clear, and not become an obstruction to his brother's happiness. He deserved all the praise imaginable for that proof of love and loyalty. He had never "spoken" to Mrs. Beresford, this mercurial but cautious Will. She had treated him and George with an affection so equal as to tell him nothing on the subject of her preferences. For aught he knew to the contrary, Will, was the best beloved, and he went away and staid away, and his brother now understood all.

Doctor George Meredith and his wife were seated at dusk in the little drawing-room in the cottage. The lamps had just been lit, and the doctor had taken up a newspaper. Madam was engaged in curling around her finger one of little Marie's ringlets, the child leaning on her knees. Doctor George looked at the pretty picture over his newspaper, and said, suddenly:

"The fact is, Annie, you and Marie are delightfully homelike. I ought to care to see no one else in the world; but do you know I want some one else."

"You do not long to see him more than I do," said Mrs. Beresford-Meredith, sadly.

"It is strange! Where can he be? He has not even written."

"But coming is better by a long way—don't you think so?" exclaimed a laughing voice.

Will Meredith walked in and shook hands with George, who had started up, after which he embraced Mrs. Meredith.

"Oh, Will!" she exclaimed, "I am so happy you have come back!"

"Then you will be glad to see my better-half also, I hope?"

"Your better-half?"

"There she is—in the shadow behind the door."

A figure passed the speaker quickly, and a laughing face confronted Mrs. Meredith, and kissed her.

"Nellie!" cried that lady.

"Yes, madam, formerly your cousin, now your sister-in-law!"

"In fact," said Will Meredith, "it is the simplest thing in the world. I made the acquaintance of this amiable young person in —, where I tried your case, my dear sister Annie; was attracted by the relationship and have captured the prize. We have just been married, and I thought we had better come to see you. Are you glad to see us?"

Mrs. Annie Meredith walked up to the speaker and, putting her arms around his neck, kissed him.

"Yes, brother Will!" she said.

"All right," said that gentleman, "and now, I say, brother George, you never took that trip after all, did you?"

THE REMOVAL OF THE PRESIDENT.

AN EXTRAORDINARY JOURNEY BY RAIL.

TO say that President Garfield was safely and quickly removed from the White House to the Franchlyn Cottage, on the seashore at Elberon, N. J., on Tuesday, September 6th, would be an acknowledgment of but a small portion of a most interesting and remarkable national event. The railway journey of 238 miles was accomplished in a few minutes short of seven hours, the train on some sections going at the rate of over a mile a minute. The preparations for the trip, and the solid good sense of the people who gathered along the route are alike entitled to the highest praise.

Monday was a day of intense excitement at Washington, for it was announced that the physicians, yielding to the entreaties of the President and his heroic wife, had consented to his removal. At two o'clock in the morning a squad of twenty laborers in the employ of the Baltimore and Potomac Railroad Company began laying a temporary track from the main line, just beyond the car-sheds in Sixth Street, to the asphalt on Pennsylvania Avenue, a distance of 750 feet. Heavy wooden ties were placed upon the Dacca cobble-stones, and the rails were fastened upon them in the usual way. Then the spaces between the ties were ballasted with gravel and dirt. At seven o'clock the force of workmen was increased by the arrival of 130 more employes, partly of the Alexandria and Fredericksburg Railroad Company and partly of the Baltimore and Potomac Railroad Company. The work was completed in good shape by two o'clock in the afternoon.

At daybreak, the car intended for the President's use arrived at the Sixth Street depot from Altoona. It was a combination baggage and smoking car, with sliding doors on the sides of the forward compartment. The partition in the centre had been partly removed, and two doors had been substituted which could be opened for the purpose of taking the President in and out. During the journey one door could be shut and bolted, leaving only a narrow passageway at one side. In the rear compart-

ment, from which the seats had been removed, was the contrivance for holding the President's bed. It was arranged on the buckboard principle, and was of the simplest possible character. Two spring boards were fastened by the ends to the molding at the sides of the car. They were about six feet distant from each other, and about two feet from the floor and across from side to side. To obviate any possible jarring, the edges of the boards rested on small cushions of plush. Resting upon thick cushions placed upon the boards in the center was a box of pine about seven feet long, four and a half feet wide and a foot deep. This left a space of about 1.5 feet on each side. The box was filled with a double thickness of car cushions, and upon these were placed the mattress and bed upon which the patient lay during his journey. So nicely balanced was the whole arrangement that the slightest touch with the finger caused it to move up and down. A false roof was also placed inside the car to promote the circulation of air. A short distance from the head and foot of the bed-frame heavy curtains of green reps had been hung from side to side, extending from the false roof to the floor. The latter was thickly carpeted. All the windows had been provided with drab shades with patent rollers, and outside they were covered with fine wire screens to keep out the dust. There were two ice-chests in the front compartment, and a closet and several movable armchairs for the use of the surgeons and attendants. New trucks, with six wheels each and new springs, had been placed under the car, and the sides were ballasted with heavy iron engine axles. There were storm-doors at the front and rear. The outside of the car was painted red and the inside yellow. Its number is 258.

Meanwhile arrangements were being perfected at Mr. Charles G. Franklyn's cottage on the ocean bluff at Elberon, just below West End, for the reception of the patient. But a far more animated scene was enacted during Monday night between the railroad station and the cottage. On Monday morning Mr. Harris, General Manager of the New Jersey Central Railroad, received a dispatch from Attorney-General MacVeagh, asking him to lay a track from the depot to the Franklyn Cottage and have it ready for use by ten o'clock the following morning. Word was also sent to W. W. Starnes, Assistant General Superintendent of the road, and surveying instruments were ordered from Jersey City so that the route could be laid out for the workmen. Track-master Muriagh was ordered from Newark by telegraph, and orders for ties and rails were hurried on to Jersey City and Elizabethport. About two o'clock ground was broken by Mr. Muriagh, with only twelve laborers, all who were there. An hour later laborers began to arrive from all parts of the road between Jersey City and Sea Girt, and by nine o'clock at night 300 skilled railroad builders were hard at work. A full supply of ties and rails were on the spot long before that time. The length of the new track was 3,200 feet. The route chosen was one containing very few obstructions. Beginning at a point about 800 feet north of the Elberon Station, the route described a wide curve to the eastward until it struck the driveway leading from the station straight to the hotel. The rails were laid along the southern side of this road, directly to the hotel grounds, where the track described another wide curve and ended in front of the entrance to the President's cottage. The material used in building the road was entirely new. Crowds of ladies and gentlemen from the various hotels and cottages along the shore visited the scene and watched the laborers at their work. Immense locomotive headlights from the railroad shops and hundreds of smaller lights and lanterns gave light for the workmen. Hot coffee and sandwiches, furnished by Colonel Jones, of the Elberon, were served to the industrious workers at frequent intervals, and every man worked with a will to get the road in readiness. At three o'clock on Tuesday morning a gang of some 200 laborers was put at work upon the gap which had been left uncompleted in the track at Washington. This had been so left because it was necessary to allow the street cars to pass through unimpeded until past midnight. The laborers made very quick work of filling in the gap. Some fifteen or twenty car loads of gravel which were ready were brought to the place and dumped. The ties were laid, the levels were taken, and the tracks were joined with perfect accuracy. This made a continuous track from Pennsylvania Avenue to the switch which joined the temporary track to the main line. As soon as the track was completed Engineer Page backed the train down.

The first indication on the streets of Washington of what was contemplated was the arrival of large numbers of policemen—in fact, the entire force, under command of Major Brock. They were stationed at all the crossings between the White House gate and the depot, with instructions to permit no team of any kind whatever to pass, under any pretext, except the mounted messengers from the White House. At half-past five, in addition to these policemen, all the mounted force were on duty. The President was sleeping when the bed was put upon the stretcher. At last, at twenty minutes of six, Dr. Bliss, Dr. Boynton, Dr. Reyburn, General Swalm, Colonel Rockwell and Colonel Corbin took the stretcher, three upon a side, and lifted it. The President did not indicate that he was aware of what was being done. They carried the bed through the room to the corridor, and without any trouble whatever, and without the knowledge of the President took it down the broad staircase to the front door. Meanwhile, Mrs. Garfield, her daughter, Miss Rockwell and Mrs. Edson had taken a carriage to the train. Dr. Agnew, Dr. Woodward and Dr. Reyburn had followed in another carriage. Just before they left the sick chamber they sent word down-stairs, and the express driver took the horses which he is accustomed to drive and attached them to the big Adams Express wagon. By the time the horses were attached the bed had reached the front door, and it was the work of a moment to put the President into the wagon. Thirteen soldiers stood by ready for any service, but they were not then needed. The three of the gentlemen who had lifted the bed sat upon one side of the wagon and three upon the other, with the stretcher between them. In a moment after the President had been placed upon the wagon, Dr. Bliss said to the driver, "We are all ready; drive very slowly and carefully." The horses started as though they knew the errand on which they were engaged, and at a slow walk went down the roadway to the gate.

The sun was just rising, and as the President left the White House the lights were put out. The President lay upon a mattress, over which was placed a blanket and upon which rested a low pillow. A coverlid and sheet were over his body, reaching about to his breast. His hands were hid beneath these coverings, but Dr. Bliss held one wrist with his fingers on the pulse, and Dr. Reyburn the other. General Swalm, who sat on one side of the wagon, and Colonel Rockwell, who was upon the other, fanned the President constantly. After Pennsylvania Avenue was reached, the President lay quietly, with his face exposed to the view of those who were upon the sidewalks.

At Eleventh street the President opened his eyes, and turning his head about, contemplated the people upon the sidewalk for a moment. He muttered, "How good it is to see the people." Then he apparently dozed off again. At Sixth Street and Pennsylvania Avenue an immense multitude had gathered. In anticipation of such a contingency, ropes had been stretched from the telegraph poles on both sides of the street and an extra force of policemen stationed there. There proved to be little need of these precautions, however. As the wagon approached, the people silently doffed their hats and gazed long and earnestly into the pale sleeping face. On reaching the car the wagon was backed up to the broad door, the bearers caught hold of the handles of the improvised stretcher, and slowly the President began to move, feet forward, into the car. At twelve minutes past six o'clock his entire body was inside the car, and he was being carried backward into the rear compartment. A moment later he had disappeared, and a sigh of re-

lief went up from the multitude. Once inside the car, the President was lifted from the bed in which he had been carried and placed upon the new bed previously described. Mrs. Garfield was ready to receive him, and immediately began fanning him. Dr. Bliss gave him some beef tea, which he swallowed with apparent relish. The old bed was carried along. The family and household had previously taken their seats in the private car behind. Dr. Bliss came to the side door and nervously informed the conductor that all was ready. After having proceeded about 200 feet the train was stopped to allow a train to switch on a side track. At half-past six o'clock the journey was entered upon in earnest, and the train moved out as stealthily as though it were moving on rubber rails. No demonstration of a loud character was indulged in.

Engineer Page's engine was furnished with a new muffler to prevent the noisy escape of steam, and was noiseless both when moving and when standing. Engineer Unglaub, who is particularly well informed on all the grades of the track between Washington and Baltimore, accompanied Engineer Page on the President's train as a sort of pilot. A pilot engine, which preceded the train about half a mile, was equipped with engineers who knew every inch of the road. They carried a signal, the character of which was known to all the station agents, telegraph operators, and railroad men along the line, to indicate that that engine was the pilot of the Presidential train.

The trip was made without any special incidents. Three sponge-baths were given the President on the way besides his food. He talked very little. His attenuated body rested quietly upon the mattress, there was a fresh movement of air through the car, fine wire gauze kept out flying insects and dust, and his expression showed that he was comfortable. He kept himself informed of the progress of the train, and sometimes asked, "What station is that?" or made some other remark.

Outside of Baltimore there was some talk of stopping the train, so that the President might be given a sponge bath.

"Oh, no," spoke up the President; "what we want most now is progress."

As the train moved slowly over the long bridge across the Susquehanna it was exposed to the unimpeded sweep of the breeze, and its coolness was felt in the car. "This is pleasant," the President remarked. By this time his pulse had fallen to 102.

At Gray's Ferry, just outside of Philadelphia, the train stopped for water. At that time Dr. Susan Edson was sitting at the bedside fanning the sick man, and Dr. Bliss was leaning over the couch. The President was very pale, and his hollow eyes, prominent cheek bones and sunken cheeks, showed how terrible had been the wasting effects of disease. His frame, emaciated, and his thinning covering, was startlingly emaciated. The blinds were drawn down. The President asked, "What is that for?" He was told that the people were peeping in. "I want the air," he said. "Let the people look." The blinds went up again.

The President seemed greatly pleased when told that half of his journey was over, and he remarked: "This is the most interesting day I have had since I was shot."

After passing Monmouth Junction at seven minutes after twelve, there were six miles of road done at the rate of seventy miles an hour, and a very high rate of speed was kept up over the latter part of the route.

One of the most touching things was the manner of the people at the few places where the train stopped to take in coal and water for the engine. The people would crowd up around the train and whisper, "How is the President?" "How does he stand the ride?" and similar questions, but they were always asked in whispers. No one would talk loudly, and everybody seemed anxious not to do anything that could possibly disturb him.

Thirty men of Battery A, First Artillery, left their quarters on Governor's Island, at half-past six o'clock and took the forty-five minutes past seven train on the New Jersey Central road for Elberon. They were under the command of Captain J. M. Ingalls, assisted by Lieutenants T. C. Patterson and W. C. Rafferty. They were accompanied by Colonel Charles Burke, Quartermaster, who had charge of the transportation and supplies. One baggage-car was filled with tent-poles, canvas, bedding and other baggage. The second car of the train was occupied by the men, with a sentry at each door. On their arrival at Elberon the baggage was moved and carried to an open field to the west of Ocean Avenue, near the hotel. The men then marched to the cottage, where they were drawn up and prepared for duty. About eleven o'clock they were detailed into squads under the command of corporals and sergeants, and cleared the grounds.

A guard line was established a hundred feet or more from the cottage on three sides and the bluff and the ocean guarded the east. Half a dozen planks, twelve feet long and four inches thick, rested against the piazza ready to be laid across as a causeway from the piazza to the broad door in the President's car.

At the Elberon station a large mass of people crowded together with the carriages of some of the fashionable Summer residents of Long Branch. The train ran past the station to the switch beyond, and stopped. The engine was detached and ran ahead, while engine No. 4, which had been standing on the spur track, was run upon the main track, and connected with the baggage-car of the President's train. Then, running just beyond the switch, the train was backed upon the narrow-gauge track, Car 120, in which were Mrs. Garfield, Mrs. Dr. Edson, Miss Mollie Garfield and two servants, went first, the President's car, with windows covered with netting, was second, and the combination car, in which the attendants and the baggage had come, was last on the spur track, as it had been first in order as the train came from Washington.

The train began to back slowly, followed closely by the crowds of people on foot, who all but surrounded it. It barely moved as the forward car reached the end of the track, and the backward car. There was no headway, and the engine was unable to push its load forward. Some one shouted:

"Put those men to it!"

The ready workmen scarcely waited to be told. In an instant 200 of them put their shoulders to the President's car, the engine's throttle was pulled open, and, with a will, slowly and steadily the train was pushed over the grade that had hindered its progress. Not a shout or a cheer was heard. There was no noise.

From that point it was smooth running. As the train went toward the cottage by the sea the people turned their faces thither, and by carriage and on foot followed. Dr. Bliss stood in the open side doorway of the President's car, and directly abreast of him in the dusty road an ambulance of the New York Hospital was driven. Drs. Hawley and Kelly had come down with the ambulance, upon Mr. MacVeagh's request, to be present in case any giving out of the track or accident between the depot and the cottage should make it necessary to remove the President in the ambulance.

Pushed in this manner by a crowd of strong men, the car moved steadily around to the doorway and stopped without the jar of brakes just where it was wanted. A soldier stood by the track on the further side, holding a ladder upright. Before the car had fairly stopped he had scrambled to the roof of it and seized the corners of the awning that had been rigged out over the piazza. By means of ropes the awning was then drawn up and formed a covered passage way of canvas such as is used at the doors of theatres on rainy nights. On the north side an opening was made.

After a moment's delay, four soldiers appeared from within the car bearing an empty bed. A few moments more of silent waiting, and there appeared moving slowly backwards the forms of the President's bearers. Very slowly and very carefully did they carry their burden. Rockwell and Swalm at the sides, Young and Corbin at the foot, and Bliss and Barnes at the head. Only for a second was the familiar face of the sick man

visible as they carried him past. The President was taken into the dining-room of the cottage, that being the first apartment he entered. This room had been prepared as a resting place for him if he proved to be so greatly fatigued as to make a stop there desirable. It was not found necessary to delay, however, and he was at once moved upstairs into the southeast room of the second story—a large apartment with windows opening upon the sea, and so situated as to receive the breezes from the two directions from which breezes are most enjoyable.

A flag was thrown to the breeze from a pole passed out of an upper window of the cottage, as soon as the President entered the building. The spectators then moved away to their hotels and cottages, as silently as they had come and had remained. A refreshing sea breeze sprang up within half an hour after the President's arrival, and the afternoon was much more comfortable than the morning.

The President's cottage is two stories high with a gable on each side. The lower floor rests on a foundation of Philadelphia pressed brick about four feet high. It is built in the Queen Anne style, and is of a dark color, with trimmings and shutters of a very dark brown. The kitchen is separated from the main house by a small covered way. Both the upper and lower stories have piazzas looking towards the west. In the centre of the side looking towards the ocean there is an abutment some eight or ten feet wide and projecting from the main building about the same distance. A large bay window in this abutment looks out on a small piazza midway in height between the western piazzas. This bay window has had the glass taken out and was early in the morning covered with a broad awning by the soldiers from Governor's Island. The canvas covered all the piazzas, but, in addition, the soldiers spread out their tent canvas so as to form a perfect screen covering the door of the car from which the President emerged. The windows on this side of the building have also been protected by awnings.

The President's Aged Mother.

A HIRAM lady kindly sends the following to the *Cleveland Herald*: "Mother Garfield, the dear old lady, who has been despairing, is happy again. She has just said: 'You see, I have got my work. I always put it away when James is worse.' She did not lose all heart until Dr. Boynton seemed to have given up. Then she said: 'Why should I hope if Silas has lost his? There was no violent outbreak of grief when we told her the worst. She sat perfectly quiet, folded and unfolded her handkerchief many times in a mechanical way, then she arose and walked feebly from room to room, nothing escaping her lips but the short prayer: 'May the Lord help me to be resigned.' Sunday afternoon, when a favorable dispatch was read, she expressed the first sentence that told her ambition for her son. She said: 'I hope James may live to finish his Administration.'"

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE

A Telegram from Teheana, Asia Minor, says the recent earthquake there and on the Island of Chio was more violent than that of last April. The inhabitants are in despair.

Several Years Ago bronze remains were dug up in the Island of Funen, Denmark, but no one knew what had been their use. Late Dr. H. Peterson was fortunate enough to find under the earth in Jutland what he considers to be a state carriage of the fourth or fifth century. It has ornamental woodwork. On the wheels were bronzes just the same as the ones discovered in Funen.

The Trust Fund created by Professor Tyndall upon his departure from this country has accumulated sufficiently for the purpose to which he devoted it, the assistance of needy American students in physics who should show aptitude for original study, and should wish to complete their education in Germany. The fund will now furnish a moderate income to two students.

The International Geographical Institute of Berne has put forward a project for the establishment of an international school for training travelers. The programme of study is a formidable one, and is divided into two distinct divisions. The first includes instruction in numerous branches of knowledge more or less necessary to a traveler, and the second, practical training in the field.

A Careful Study of the chief methods in use for the chemical examination of potable water, so far as organic matter is concerned, has been undertaken by order of the United States National Board of Health. Medical men throughout the country, and others interested in sanitary matters, are requested to report to Dr. Maliet, of the Virginia University, any well marked cases of disease from impurities in drinking water and to forward samples of such water.

At a Late Meeting of the San Francisco Academy of Sciences, Mr. B. B. Redding presented an interesting fragment of a prehistoric coat or garment with a piece of wood attached, found in a deposit of salt, seven feet below the cap-rock of the Belding ledge in Lincoln County, Nevada. Mr. Redding said it was probably very old, and was knit by hand from the inner fibre of some tree. He believed only one similar case had been found, in Louisiana, where, like this one, it was directly over a bed of salt; and that was among bones of the mastodon and fossil elephant, thus clearly establishing its great antiquity.

An Important Discovery has been made in the vicinity of Keneb, Upper Egypt. No less than thirty-six well-preserved sarcophagi have been brought to light. They almost exclusively belong to the kings and queens of the older Thebes Dynasty. They contained mummies, papyrus-bundles, Osiris-statuettes (some thousands), ornaments and talismans. The royal names of Raskenes, Amenophis I., Akhen, Nefertari, Aahhotep, Toimes II. and III., Seti I., Ramess XII., Pinotem, and other Pharaohs are mentioned in the texts, and show the importance of the discovery. The sarcophagi were all found in one sepulchral chamber.

A Gentleman writing from Bathurst, N. B., to an exchange gives the following prescription for repelling mosquitoes, flies and similar pests: "Three ounces sweet oil, one ounce carbolic acid. Let it be thoroughly applied upon hands, face and all exposed parts (carefully avoiding the eyes) once every half hour, when the flies are troublesome, or for the first two or three days, until the skin is filled with it, and after this its application will be necessary only occasionally. Another receipt, equally efficacious, is: Six parts sweet oil, one part creosote, one part pennyroyal. Either of these is agreeable to use, and in no way injurious to the skin. We have both of these in our camp with us, and all flies keep at a safe distance."

The Programmes of the Exposition of American Antiquities, at Madrid, have been transmitted to the Department of State by the Spanish Legation at Washington. This Exposition has been organized by the International Congress of "Americanists," and arrangements have been made for the opening on September 25th, under the presidency of the King of Spain. Among the many objects of interest promised for the occasion are antique arms, ceramics, musical instruments, idols, pictures, sculptures, rare manuscripts, mummies, and relics of the various indigenous American races and of the early discoveries of the Continent. The society counts among its members many of the most illustrious names in the arts and sciences, and an invitation has been extended to the President of the United States to accept an honorary membership of the same.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—THE total number of Land Leaguers now imprisoned in Ireland is 175.

—THE census of India has been completed. It shows a population of 252,500,000.

—THE Ontario Government prohibits the practice of American doctors on the Canada side of the line.

—A CONGRESS of Socialists has been summoned to meet at Bern, Switzerland, on the 23d of October.

—VULCANUS has been in a lively state of eruption for ten days past, sending streams of lava down the northern slopes.

—THE old convent in St. Augustine, Fla., whose building no man remembers, is being demolished to make room for new structures.

—THE military budget of Russia has risen from 181,000,000 rubles in 1879 to 189,000,000 rubles in 1880, and to 208,000,000 rubles in 1881.

—EMIL LINDBERG, representing the German Government, is visiting the interior of Tennessee with a view to introducing German immigration there.

—AT Marquette, Mich., September 6th, eleven men were killed by a powder explosion in the Lake Superior Powder Company's packing-house. The building was destroyed.

—THE income from taxes in England is about £80,000,000 (\$400,000,000). Of this sum nearly £26,000,000, or \$130,000,000, goes to pay the interest on the national debt.

—AN official report states that sixty-one persons were burned to death in one day in the recent forest fires in Algeria. Many persons were wounded, and 683 dwellings were destroyed.

—A PRELIMINARY meeting of Irishmen engaged in business in London has been held, and a committee formed for the purpose of co-operating in furthering an exhibition in Dublin of Irish manufactures.

—THE results of twenty-one second ballots taken in Paris, September 4th, show that twenty Republicans and one Conservative were elected. The Monarchists lost two seats and the Bonapartists one.

—THE exports from Sheffield to America of cutlery, rails and steel for the month of August show an aggregate increase in value of \$105,000 as compared with the same month last year; but under the head of steel alone there is a decrease of \$74,000 in the value of exports for the same period.

—IT is said that 1,348,896 barrels of apples went over from the United States to England last year, and half of them were shipped from Boston. As the apple crop in England this season is reported good there will be no demand for the American fruit, nor could a demand be answered if it came.

—THE Secretary of the Interior has decided in the case of the Kansas Indian scrip, popularly known as "Kaw scrip," to issue instructions for the identification and history of each particular certificate, with a view to an equitable adjustment of the scrip illegally issued in excess of the amount stipulated in the treaty of 1863.

—THE largest steam-hammer probably in the world was put into operation at a Pittsburgh factory last week. The hammer will be used for the purpose of turning out all kinds of large steel shafting, particularly such as are used on steamboats. The hammer is capable of turning out shafting, when finished, that will measure fourteen inches in diameter.

—A STEAMER sailing from Liverpool for New York on the 3d instant brought out 550 Mormons for Great Salt Lake from Great Britain, Switzerland and Germany, the two latter countries contributing over 200. Including the foregoing more than 2,000 Mormons have left Liverpool this Summer. Another contingent will sail before the season closes.

—ADVANCE sheets of the census declare that the small portion of the State of Mississippi called the "Yazoo Bottom," which in 1879 produced only 250,000 bales of cotton, is capable, by the exclusion of the Mississippi overflow and by improved cultivation, of producing nearly 8,737,257 bales annually, or the whole present production of the country.

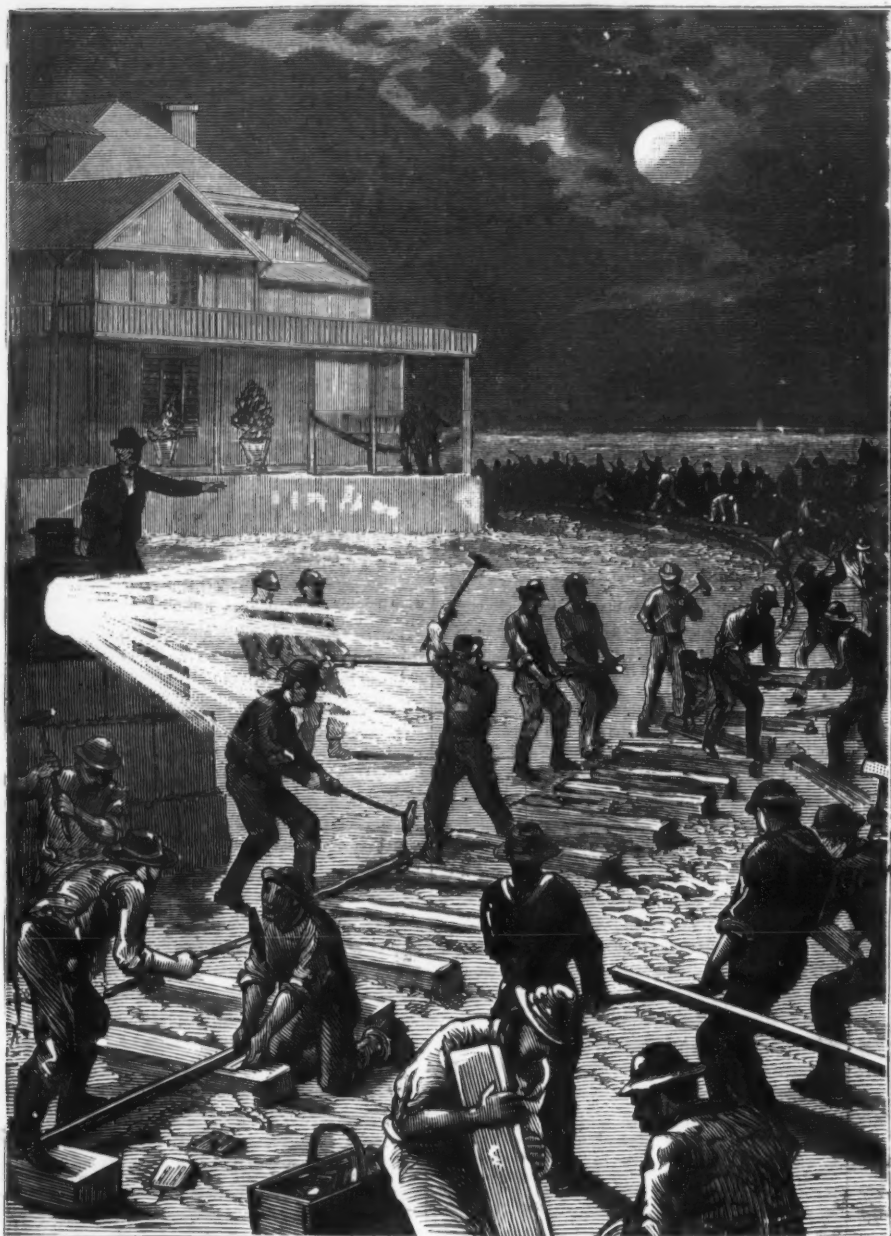
—THE German Government has been conducting a vigorous crusade against the manufacturers of spurious wines on the Rhine. No fewer than 650 cases, each containing more than 1,000 quarts of fabricated stuff, were lately seized at Ruderheim. In consequence of these praiseworthy measures of the Government, a panic has arisen among the knaves who follow this dishonest business.

—PROFESSOR GEORGE H. COOK, State Geologist of New Jersey, has come to the conclusion that Cape May and Cumberland Counties are slowly but surely settling into the sea. From facts in his possession, he estimates that the surface has sunk about eight feet during the last 100 years. Now is the time to invest in cheap real estate a mile or two behind Cape May, and hold on to it until it becomes a valuable ocean front through the steady advance of the waves.

—THE most recent returns of trade and revenue in Spain fully confirm all that has been said of the promised return of prosperous times in that country. For the first six months of 1881 her exports reached a total of \$62,250,000, which is an increase of \$4,200,000 over the same period in 1880. For the most part this increase was due to olive oil, iron ore and wines, particularly wines, which in France found a very large sale. The total of wines was \$30,200,000, of which seventy-four per cent. went to France, four per cent. to England, and twenty per cent. to America. Customs revenue continued to increase. Last year, compared with 1867, showed more than \$22,500,000, against barely \$10,000,000.

—GENERAL CARR's force was not massacred by Apaches, as reported. An official report from General Carr is to the effect that, having gone with two companies of the Sixth Cavalry and a company of Indian scouts to the village of a medicine man who was making trouble, with a view of arresting him, the force, while making camp, was fired upon by the Indians, who were joined by the scouts. The medicine man was at once shot, and a three hours' fight ensued, in which Captain Henig and seven privates were killed. The troops then retreated (the hostiles numbering 600 warriors) to Fort Apache, where they awaited reinforcements, meanwhile repelling several assaults upon the fort. Later reports indicate that the outbreak in Arizona is general.

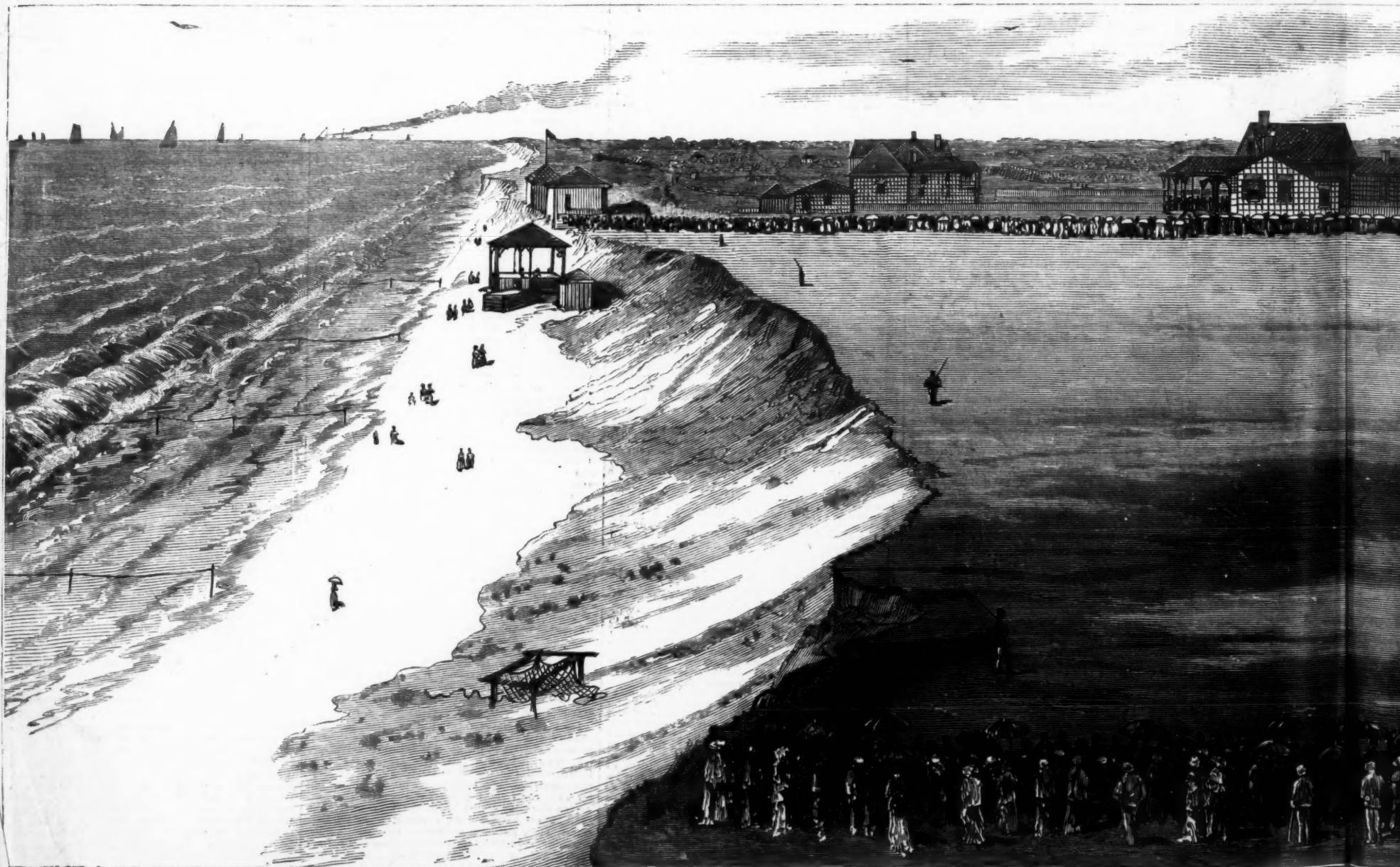
—A GREAT number of the exiled Russian Hebrews are to immigrate to this country. Over 500 are expected to arrive at Castle Garden within the next two or three months, and their brethren in New York are actively preparing for their reception. Over \$50,000 is already assured in cash subscriptions, and twice that amount can be readily raised. The immigrants who are suited for farm work will be forwarded immediately after their arrival to their final destination. The mechanics will probably, to a large extent, find employment in this city, the farmers for the most part going to Tennessee and Texas. The bulk of the funds obtained will be invested in lands in the two mentioned States, farming implements being also provided. The lands will become the property of settlers who desire to purchase on such easy installments as are possible from the profits derived from their work.



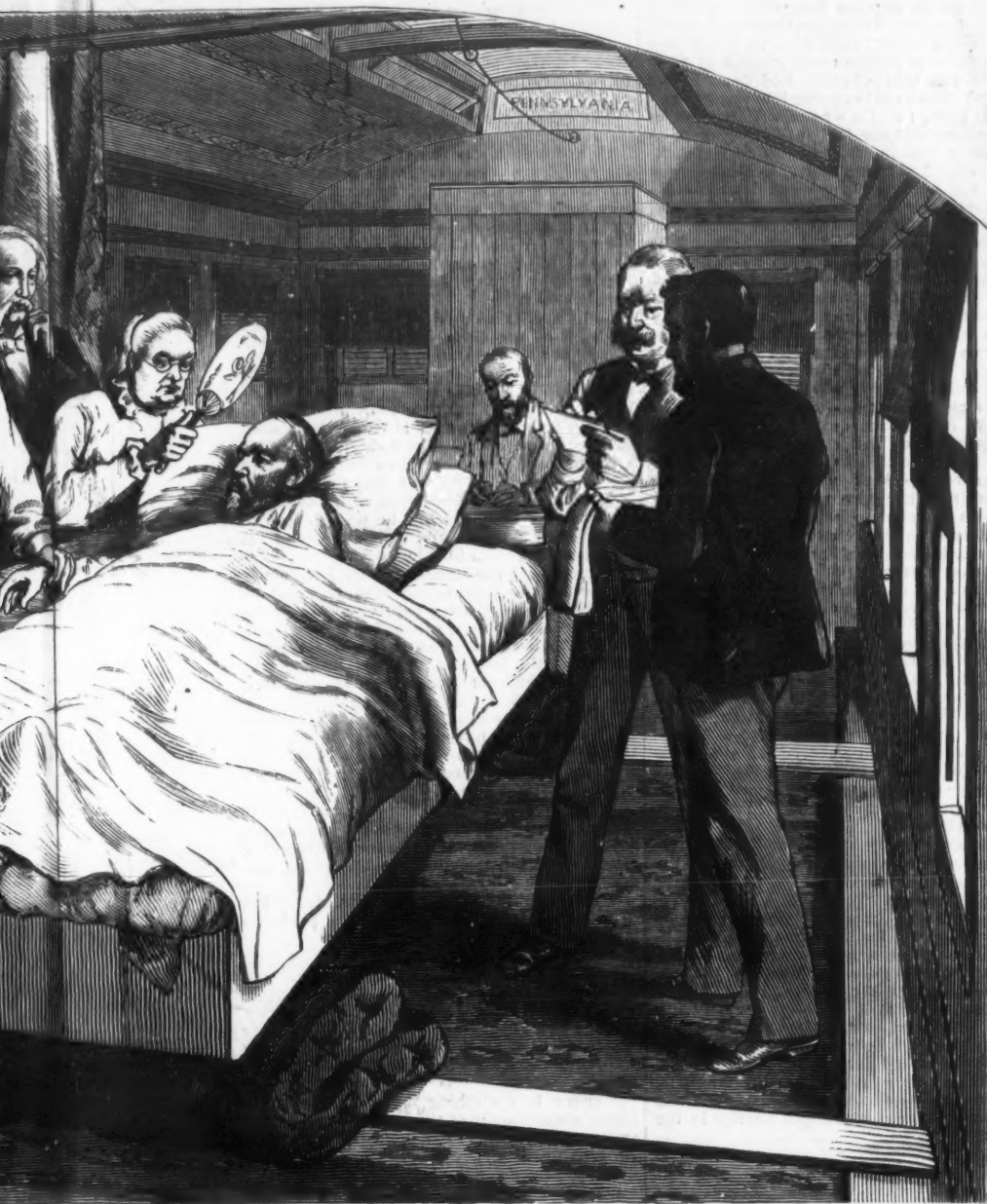
WORKMEN LAYING THE NEW RAILROAD TRACK ON THE NIGHT OF SEPTEMBER 5TH.



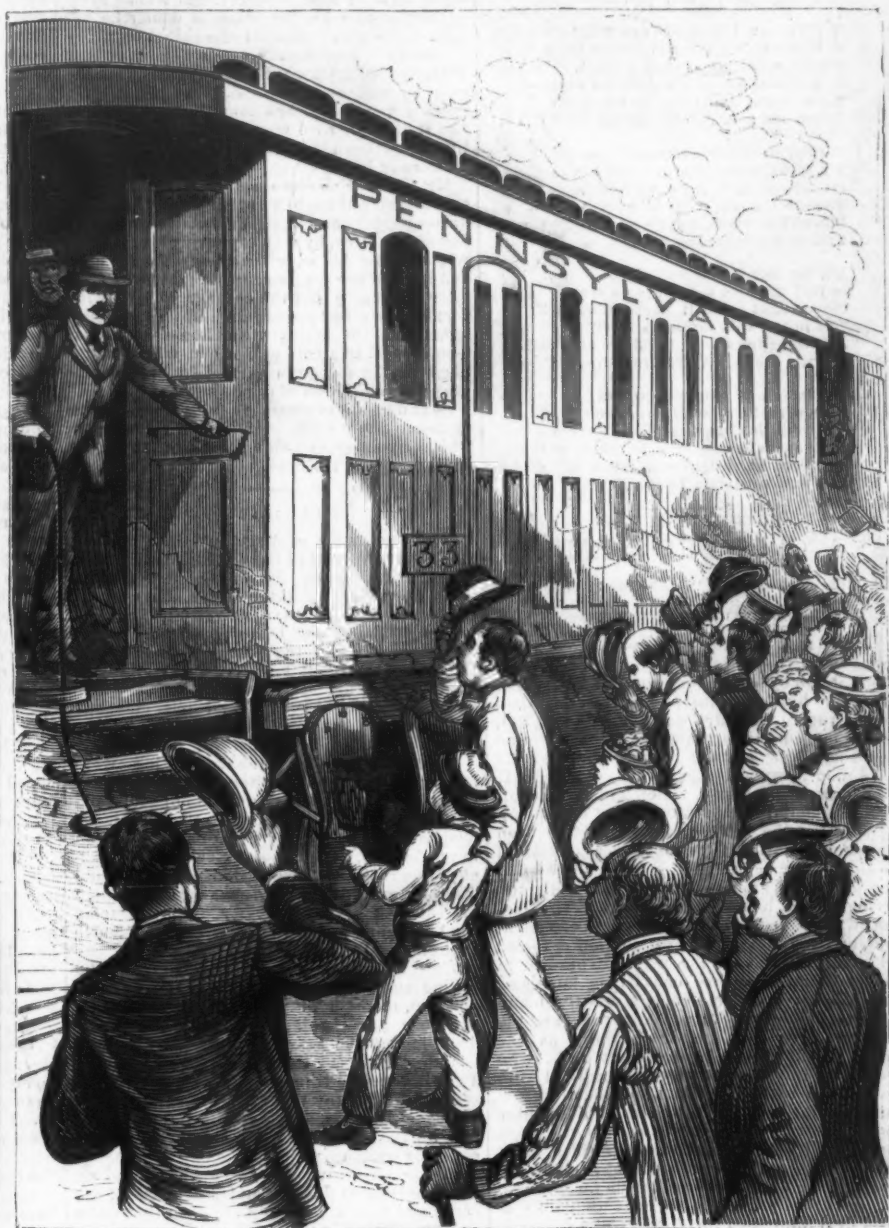
THE INTERIOR OF THE CAR, WITH THE BED ON WHICH



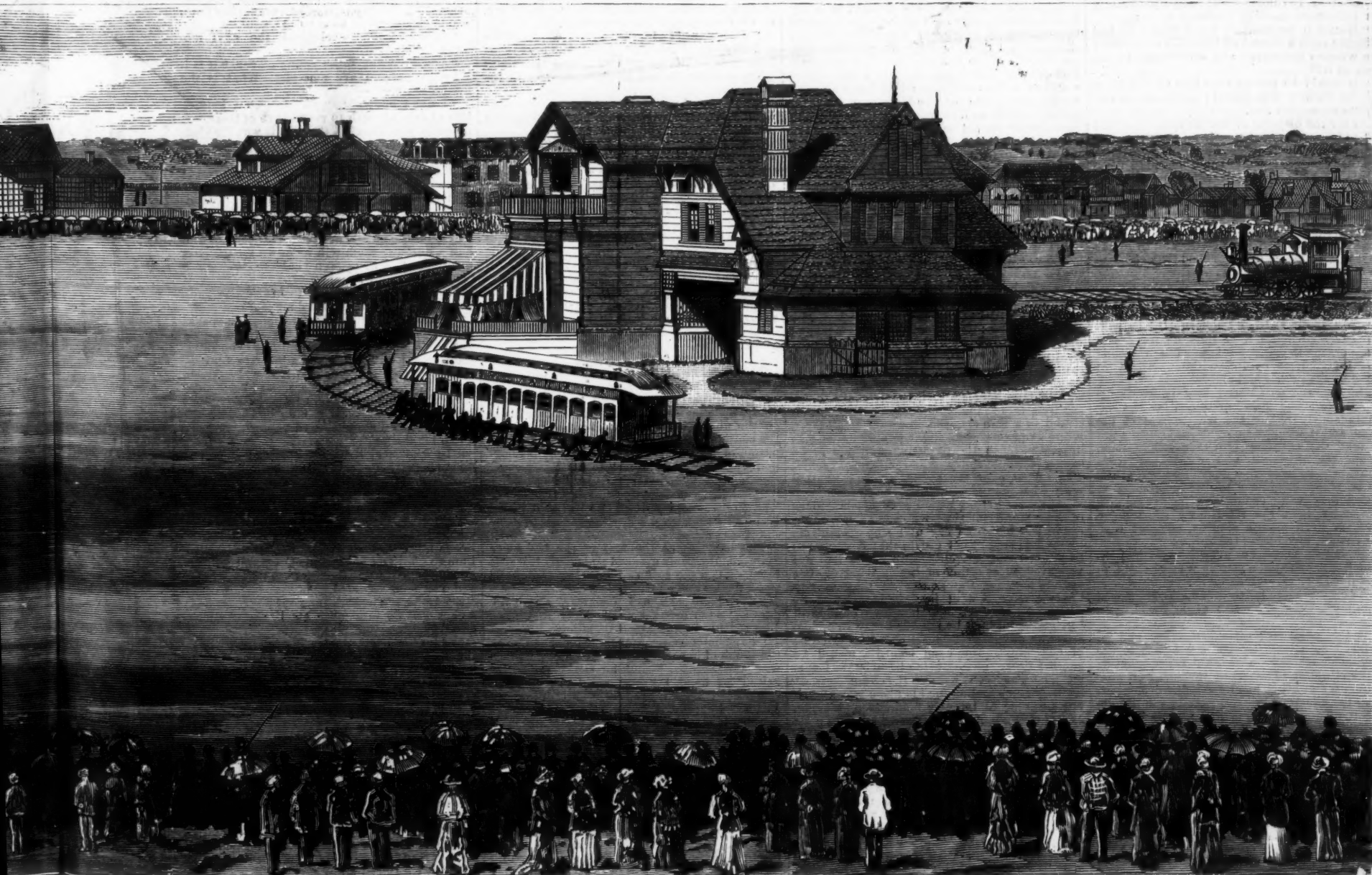
VIEW OF THE ELBERON COTTAGES AND OF THE SCENE AT THE MOMENT WHEN THE CAR, WITH
NEW JERSEY.—THE REMOVAL OF PRESIDENT GARFIELD, WITH HIS PHYSICIANS AND ATTENDANTS, FROM THE
FROM SKETCHES BY A STAFF ARTIST.



THE BED ON WHICH THE PRESIDENT WAS CARRIED.



A POPULAR WAYSIDE TRIBUTE TO THE PRESIDENT.



THE CAR, WITH THE PRESIDENT, WAS PUSHED TO THE DOOR OF THE FRANCKLYN COTTAGE.
S, FROM THE WHITE HOUSE TO THE FRANCKLYN COTTAGE, AT ELBERON BY THE SEA, SEPTEMBER 6TH.
A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 54.

HOW CAN I HOPE.

HOW can I hope his eye will turn
To note my vestal candle burn
Upon his shrine—merely a faint,
Pale gleam before a worshiped saint—
When warm and vivid on the night
Blazes for him Fame's beacon light?

Surely, in humble cottage room
My taper might illumine the gloom,
Steady and fair, if he were fond,
Though sending forth no glow beyond;
But to the whole world's gazing eyes,
Filling the dark, her fires arise.

Ah, but her lofty mountain peak
Is just the spot the tempests seek!
Clouds shut about it, dense and black;
'Tis in the wild tornado's track;
And sometimes pour the drenching rains
Till not a single spark remains.

My fireside is peaceful, warm;
Its low roof shelters it from storm.
Ah, could his heart the truth divine—
Strife lights Fame's torch, Love kindles mine—
He might her bright temptation flee
And turn to simple Love and me!

A CLOUDED NAME.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MARJORIE'S TRIALS."

CHAPTER III.—(CONTINUED).

THE medical evidence was conflicting. That the deceased had died, stabbed to death by some sharp weapon—a pocket-knife or hunting-knife possibly—which had gone direct to the heart, was undeniable. But, whilst one surgeon maintained that the wound could not possibly have been inflicted by the dead man's own hand, the other contended that there was a possibility, which did not, he admitted, amount to a probability—a bare possibility—that the fatal blow might have been struck by himself. Passion was a species of insanity. There had been instances known of persons, during a paroxysm of this delirium, laying violent hands on themselves. The General was proved to have been a man of violent temper; the post-mortem examination revealed traces of irritation of the brain—explained in medical and therefore convincing language. The last witness—Mr. Cooper—was the medical attendant of Sir James Armstrong, and the coroner regarded him distrustfully as the organ of the would-be dominant class, who would, in the interest of their order, try to hush up a matter of this kind and to throw dust into the eyes of the public. The solicitor appointed to represent the son of the dead man handled the witness very skillfully, making the most of the bare thread of probability, and keeping his theory well in the foreground, so that the public mind was evidently a good deal impressed; and, what was of much more importance, the jury were visibly biased.

An officious member of the twelve caused a momentary revulsion of feeling by pressing the indiscreet question:

"Would it be possible for a man who had inflicted such a wound on himself to withdraw the weapon unassisted and afterwards to dispose of it?"

"It would be possible for him to withdraw it," Mr. Cooper maintained; and here his colleague supported him.

As for the disposal of the weapon, that had yet to be accounted for. In an accident such as had immediately succeeded the deed, articles became scattered and lost. Every day fragments from the sad wreck were being brought in from distant fields and spots apparently quite beyond the range of the catastrophe. The scene of the disaster had been a thick wood, where a small article like a knife might lie concealed for months and even for years. The police had searched the neighborhood, but, as yet, without success.

Then the solicitor for Mr. Mervyn played his trump card in this unconfessed battle of silent inferences.

"In a small and confined space like a railway carriage would it be possible for a second person, if present when such a wound was inflicted, to escape without traces of blood on his person and clothes?"

The surgeon considered that it would be impossible. The flow of blood would instantaneously follow the withdrawal of the knife, and it would be considerable. In point of fact, the cushions of the carriage from which the deceased was extricated were saturated, as was the floor, and even the walls, when examined in the fragments to which they were reduced. The person—if any—who dealt the fatal blow must have been, in Mr. Cooper's opinion, covered with the rush of blood from the wound.

Sir James Armstrong's valet, who had attended Mr. Mervyn when he was brought to Woodford Priory, stated that the young gentleman's clothes were much soiled and discolored from mud, but that there was no blood upon them.

At this point Sir James Armstrong had interfered, as a magistrate and a power in the neighborhood, with a private representation to the coroner. The son of the deceased gentleman lay at his house, he stated, unconscious from the effects of injuries received in the accident. The young man had always borne a high character as a humane and honorable man, and suggestions of the most serious nature which affected him were being made whilst he was unable to meet them by the evidence which no doubt he could give to set them at rest for ever. The inquiry ought not to be proceeded with until Mr. Mervyn—the person most concerned in the matter—could appear. Sir James requested that the inquest might be adjourned.

But the coroner was on his dignity, and his dignity disdained suggestions. He was what Sir James called "a mongrel bred fellow," who had risen from a low position by

sheer hard-headed industry, and whose sympathies were with the class to which he belonged. He was a Radical—he called his party "Liberal"—and sternly bent on showing that even-handed justice should be meted out to the rich as well as to the poor—which in such cases generally means that the rich, having had it all their own way hitherto, shall have a little less than justice by way of balancing matters at last.

Mr. Price, therefore, resented Sir James's suggestion, although it entirely coincided with his own foregone conclusion, and was arrogant and obstructive, by way of proving his equality with—if not his superiority to—the baronet and his brother magistrates. And it was only after a struggle that the coroner yielded, with a sufficiently bad grace; and, ill-humor being infectious, Sir James went home in a bad temper, and to a cold cup of tea, which, as he liked that beverage in perfection, did not improve his condition of mind.

Next day the newspapers fully reported the evidence given at the inquest, and the terrible whisper was spoken aloud through the length and breadth of the land.

CHAPTER IV.

THE west wing of Woodford Hall was all that remained of the old Elizabethan portion of the mansion. Its strong, stone foundations were set deep in the soft, springy turf—thick and smooth as a velvet-pile carpet—which stretched out into the old pleasure and nestled about the roots of tridentennial cedars and ancient yew-trees, cut still into quaint, fantastic devices of peacocks with spreading tails, of balls and triangles and green, heraldic griffins—the emblem of the house.

The chambers of the west wing were mostly small and low-pitched, and built inconveniently up and down flights of steps and at the end of long corridors, so that the more modern portions of the house were occupied in preference, and only such guests as specially desired quiet were lodged in the old Tudor chambers; and here was the sick-room of Tempest Mervyn, so far removed from the bustle and stir of the great, crowded house that one could fancy it miles away.

The blinds were all down to shut out the Spring sunshine, and the light came in, soft and dim, through the green shades. A little fire was burning in the grate; the gentle dropping of the ashes as they fell upon the hearth, the silvery ticking of a small clock in a quaint, carved frame over the mantelpiece, seemed in no way to break the soft, drowsy silence. There was a breath of Spring violets, a calm, shaded repose, a dainty care and ordering over all which made one feel that it would be pleasant to lay down one's head on the lace-fringed pillows, and rest from all the cares and toils of life for a space in that quiet sick-chamber.

But the occupant of the carefully-shrouded bed had lain all these days unconscious of these surroundings, white and silent as a lay figure of stone, only his regular breathing and the occasional quiver of the closed eyelids showing that there was life in the still form. On the side of the bed next the door a curtain was drawn; and behind this, in a deep chair, watched a figure which might have stepped out of one of the picture-frames in the long gallery below, so like was it to some Puritan Deborah or Rachel belonging to the history of the house, save that there was by times a flash in the eyes of this calm damsel which belied the staid promise of her demure set lips. Quietly as she sat there, her white hands flashing noiselessly as they moved swiftly, busied in some silent woman's work, upon which her eyes were bent, her whole demeanor composed, tranquil, innocent, there was yet a suggestion of power about her, a species of subtle attraction.

She was young—a little past twenty perhaps—with all the softly-rounded outlines of youth and health about the slender, supple figure and delicately-molded cheek. The straight, brown-black hair was drawn back from the somewhat low forehead and gathered up under a white, coil-like cap: two dark eyes, shaded by exquisitely-arched brows and long, soft lashes, shone like stars out of their setting, and seemed to illuminate the clear dead-white of the complexion; the mouth closed in a thin crimson line over small teeth white as pearls. The slight, supple figure was draped in black, tightly fitting, nun-like in its severe outline, and a white muslin kerchief was folded over the shoulders and knotted with a bouquet of purple violets at the bosom.

This was Christal Melville, an orphan niece of Sir James Armstrong, who had been brought up in his house as one of his own children. Feena had said of her cousin that she ought to be labeled "Dangerous." But Feena had not ventured to say this in the hearing of her father, nor, for the matter of that, in any hearing save that of her confidential sister Janet. Feena knew that her own opinion of Christal would not be endorsed or even understood by any one else, least of all by the men of her family; for even Georgie would be against Feena, on the side of Christal—Georgie who was Feena's especial "chum."

Sir James's feeling for his niece was a curious mixture of fatherly fondness and pride, and of that admiring homage which is in most men's bearing towards a young and attractive woman, whoever she may be.

"Christie is not like other young women; Christie has something in her," he said, sagaciously, when Christie had hung upon his arm, looking up into his face as they strolled up and down the terrace in the Summer twilight, confiding to him her dreams and aspirations and her desire "to make something" out of her life.

Christie had deep, tender eyes and a soft, helpless way of placing herself in a man's hands, a flattering way of appealing to his superior judgment, and of so bewildering his

intellect as to impress him with the belief that all the sensible suggestions and clever theories she might wish him to adopt had come originally from himself instead of from her. In this way Christal had brought Sir James to consent to her going into training as a hospital nurse; and it was on the strength of this training that she had taken her place as assistant nurse in Tempest Mervyn's sick-room. She had been left in charge now whilst the nurse proper went down to the housekeeper's room for a chat and a cup of tea to relieve the monotony of her watch.

Sir James's tired, worried face looked in at the door, and softened a little as it looked. Sir James thought it was quite a pretty picture; and he was neither so tired nor so worried that he could not appreciate a pretty picture with a pretty woman in it. Christal put down her work and stole round the old-fashioned tapestry-work screen with a well-coming smile—a smile which seemed to say, "It was horribly dull before; but, now that you have come, I am quite refreshed." The mantelpiece was a high, carved, oak structure, with a narrow ledge at the top, on which the little traveling-clock which Christal had brought from her own room could scarcely find room to stand. The arms of the family were carved in the centre of the structure, and beneath these Sir James and the young nurse stood whispering to each other.

"There is no change," Christal said. "Mr. Cooper was here just now. He said we can only wait."

Sir James passed round the shrouded bed, bent over the fair, still face, and came back again to the fire.

"The inquest is adjourned," he said. "I had a hard fight with the coroner, but he gave in at last."

"I am so glad you succeeded," she whispered back, with a soft, admiring look up from under her cap which seemed to say, "How strong and wise you are! You always do succeed!"

"If he could only speak for himself, we could quash the whole thing at once," Sir James said.

At that moment there was a little movement behind the curtains. Christal glided noiselessly to the bedside, smoothed the pillow, held the pulse a minute with her dainty little finger and thumb, then dropped the passive hand and stole back to Sir James.

"Estelle!" They both heard it and started. It was a strange, dreamy, far-away voice—a ghost-like voice, Feena would have said. Had it come from the ancestor in the flowing wig, who stood hand on hip looking down upon them from above the old black oak bureau in the corner?

"Estelle!" The voice was more distinct now. Christal hurried to the bedside with a sign to Sir James to keep in the background still. The patient's eyes were open and seeking anxiously around, the fingers were moving over the bedclothes. His glance rested on Christal as she came forward, then dropped, disappointed.

"Where am I?" he said presently, when he had swallowed the nourishment she held to his lips. "What does it mean?" And there was more of strength and of consciousness in his voice now.

"You have been ill," a soft voice answered; "and you are better now. But you must not try to talk just yet or to ask questions."

She soothed him as she would have soothed a child. Her voice was so soft, so sweetly modulated that it acted like a spell upon him. That voice was one of Christal's "properties," Feena said.

The anxious searching eyes came back from the tapestry screen and the veiled window and rested upon Christal's graceful head and white cap.

"Estelle!" said the weak, questioning voice. "She was here just now. I heard her speaking—her hand touched mine. Was it a dream? Could it have been a dream?" he murmured, in a puzzled, uncertain way.

"No one has been here but me."

"And you?"

"I am your nurse."

The eyes closed, the fair forehead puckered as if with straining thought.

"Something has happened," he said, suddenly, opening his eyes again and fixing them on the nurse, who had seated herself now by the bedside and had quietly taken up her occupation of sewing again. "Something has happened—I cannot remember what."

"Do not try to remember now," she said.

"Somebody is dead"—knitting his brows—"killed. Was it my doing? I feel as if I—"

had killed somebody."

"Hush!"

The curtains at the foot of the bed were agitated; the nurse glanced warningly towards them. Then she rose and laid her cool hand upon the invalid's forehead.

"You have had bad dreams," she said, gently, "such dreams as we have in illness. You must not think about them now."

"I remember," he murmured, dreamily, as the touch of her soft hand lulled him; "there was a quarrel. I—did he strike me? He raised his hand, I know, and I—I—saw him lying dead afterwards; or did I dream it? You say I dreamt it."

"Try to sleep now."

"I—I—" The shadowed memory was searching, groping after some elusive clew which escaped it every moment like a Will-o'-the-wisp. What if he should find it? The heart of the young nurse beat tumultuously beneath the snow-white calm of her fair features.

"Poor old boy! I wish we had parted differently," the sick man murmured, as he let the fugitive link go and sank once more into slumber. This time it was more like natural sleep.

Sir James Armstrong beckoned to Christal as she turned away from the sleeping patient.

"For heaven's sake, keep that woman away!" he said, as he drew her beyond the screen into the corridor. "Make some excuse—say I will sit up with him to night; send her to bed. Let us keep him in our own hands until he has come to his senses."

The eyes of the uncle and niece met.

"I will manage it," she whispered with a little nod, which was like the fiat of Jupiter in the confidence it inspired. "He will sleep now. There is the dinner-bell. You must go; I will stay here. Poor uncle, how tired you look!"

"That girl has more sense than a dozen of her age," Sir James said, as he hurried to his dressing-room. "Geordie asked me to stick to him, and, by George, I will! Poor fellow! I wonder—"

The baronet started at a thought which forced itself upon him. He thrust it resolutely away; for he was stanch and obstinate as his old Roundhead ancestor who had held the stronghold of the old castle against the King's troops whilst the rest of his patrimony smoked in ruins around it; and, having once placed his credit and his name as a shield before his son's friend, helpless as yet to defend himself, Sir James would not give admittance to a disloyal doubt. In the interests of his order, in the interests of friendship, he was pledged to carry him through. And when did one of his race fail to redeem his pledge?

After dinner Sir James sent for Mr. Cooper and held a long private conversation with him.

"Would a man, after receiving such an injury as Mr. Mervyn's, remember correctly, on coming to his senses, the events immediately preceding the loss of them?" was one of the questions which Sir James put to the medical man.

"No," was the decided answer. "He would in all probability have lost all remembrance of those events. His mind would go back much further; the intermediate stage would be a blank."

"Might it not retain a confused, broken consciousness of what had happened? Might not the first efforts of memory be to piece together the shattered fragments into the wrong pattern?"

"They might," the surgeon admitted, "but a total blank would be the more probable stage."

CHAPTER V.

FEENA ARMSTRONG shivered and drew her light, fleecy evening shawl about her head and ears as she ran past the oak door leading to the west wing, averting her eyes as she ran.

"There is something mysterious and uncanny about the air of the house to-night," she said. "Mr. Cooper has gone away with a supernaturally grave face. Christal has not appeared since luncheon. Papa looks not so much like a man who has seen a ghost as like a man who is afraid he may see one. I am horribly afraid of ghosts. Ah!"

At that moment Feena ran right into the arms of a tall figure advancing across her path, and shrieked aloud as she did so.

"Geordie!" she exclaimed, the next moment.

"Yes," answered the young officer, "it is I. Why, Feena, you are nervous. What is the matter?"

"I don't know," panted his sister, holding him at arm's length to make sure of him. "It is really you, then? I thought it was Sir Godfrey taken to walking again!"

"Don't be absurd, Feena. Mervyn is lodged in the west wing, they tell me. I have got leave to come over and look after him. My father telegraphed to me from the inquest-room. I should like to punch the heads of two or three of those blundering country idiots. Our fellows are all furious. The colonel and half a dozen of them will be down for the next meeting. Has he spoken yet?"

"I don't know," said Feena. "Geordie, it is horrible! Do you think"—in an awe-struck whisper—"he could have done it?"

"Feena," flinging her arm aside, and speaking in a tone which made her tremble, "do you think I could have done it? Do you think the—th are cutthroats and ruffians. Mervyn, dear old boy, there is a diabolical blunder somewhere. For heaven's sake, Feena, take care what you say! Don't let us have traitors in our own camp. If a man had asked me that question I should have rammed it back down his throat!"

"How fierce the—th are!" Feena exclaimed, rather feebly for her. "Who is this?"—starting again as Christal's long-drawn black outline appeared at the end of the passage. "Oh, it is only Christal!"

"Geordie!" exclaimed Christal, in her soft, welcoming way—"purring" over him, as Feena afterwards described it. "Oh, Geordie, I am so glad you have come! Now it will be all right. We want the nurse to rest to-night, and you and Uncle James can sit up with Mr. Mervyn. The sight of your face when he wakes will do him more good than anything else."

She let her hand stay in her cousin's whilst she said this. She stood in the drooping, feminine way which always provoked Feena, looking up at the tall young fellow, as if appealing to his manly power and strength from the lower level of her meek, helpless womanhood; her eyes, looking expressively into his, said a hundred things if he chose to interpret them. And Geordie felt the softly-insinuated flattery, and the touch of the little, white, velvet hand stirred his big, honest heart, and the glamour of the deep, dark eyes gave him a pleasant glow and sensation. He looked down at the dainty white figure, so soft and womanly in all its pretty details, and he pressed the little hand before he released it—in a cousinly way, of course, for Lieutenant Geordie was not in love with Christal any more than his father was—only there was in his intercourse with her the sort of latent charm and fascination which hangs like a subtle perfume about a

man's associations with some women, which made Cousin Christie's welcome now such a very different thing from Feena's of a minute or two ago. Feena, standing by, unnoticed and forgotten, was perfectly conscious of the difference, and resented it, whilst, with feminine intuition, she understood and despised its source. Honest Geordie called that source gratitude on this occasion—on another he would be at no loss to find a new name for it.

"Thanks, Christie, for your care of poor Mervyn. It's rough on him, all this, poor fellow; but it will soon be set to rights. How is he?"

"He has roused this evening for the first time," Christal answered, with an almost imperceptible glance of caution towards Feena.

"He has come to his senses? Then he will know me?" Geordie said, joyfully.

"Yes, he will know you. But his mind has scarcely come back yet. He is weak, and he has delusions," Christal answered, with the careful reticence of a skilled nurse. "When he rouses again, you must give him the beef-tea and jelly which I have left by the bedside; and don't let him talk."

(To be continued.)

WILLIAM LEE HOWARD, THE ICELAND EXPLORER.

VERY few young Americans probably have visited more remote corners of the globe, quietly and modestly picking up stores of valuable information, than Mr. William Lee Howard, the youthful explorer, whose portrait is given elsewhere. He has just returned to London from an exploring trip to Iceland, his second visit to that bleak and sterile land, where he performed such wonderful and daring exploits that the press of London, Paris and other countries have contained long interviews with him, and several of the papers of this city have published columns on his researches, cabled by their foreign representatives. Last year he made a daring ascent of Mount Hecla, and this season he reached the summit of Herdubreid, after thirty-eight hours of the most dangerous climbing, being the only person ever reaching the interior of the island. Mr. Howard's researches and travels are all the more wonderful when his extreme youth is considered, being not yet twenty-one years old. He is the son of Mark Howard, Esq., of Hartford, Ct., one of the oldest underwriters of that insurance city, and who was one of the prime movers in the establishment of the Republican Party. Young Howard in person is small, has a sinewy, athletic frame, a well-bred resolute face, and agreeable manner. His chosen profession is surgery, and he is a student in one of the medical colleges of New York.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH AT SANTA FE.

WITH the rapid progress of the great Southwest, New Mexico and Arizona, many points of interest are being brought to notice. The Presbyterian Church at Santa Fe, for instance, has a peculiarly interesting history. It is the oldest Protestant Church in New Mexico. It was first built by the Baptists in 1833. It was abandoned during the rebellion; but in 1860 the Rev. D. D. McFarland went to Santa Fe and organized a Presbyterian Church of fifteen members. The society then purchased the remaining walls of this structure, and remodeled it. In 1869—two years after—the Presbyterian Board of Home Missions placed the Rev. Dr. Sheldon Jackson in charge of New Mexico as Superintendent of that Territory, under the new policy of the Government, giving to the different denominations specific territories as fields of labor. Through the vigilance and persistent efforts of Dr. Jackson, Government schools and missions have been established at Taos, El Rancho, Abiqui, Coate, Agua Negra, El Rito, Albuquerque, Socorro, Jerome Hot Springs, Corrales, Mesilla, El Paso, Laguna, Zuni and Fort Defiance, together with a number at various other points. The Santa Fe church is thus reinforced by numerous centres of educational and religious influence; but, as the initial Protestant church of the Territory, its position is, and must remain, exceptional.

GREAT DESTRUCTION BY FOREST FIRES.

THE reports of forest fires in Michigan and other States during the last week present a picture of suffering, loss of life and destruction of property almost without parallel. In Michigan the long continued drought had rendered everything as dry as tinder, and numerous "flashings," or partly cleared tracts of land, covered with brush, decayed timber and other inflammable materials, afforded the best possible medium for the rapid spread of flames carried by the high winds which have been prevailing. Sanilac and Huron Counties, lying on the shore of Lake Huron, between Port Huron and Saginaw Bay, are the scenes of the greatest destruction. Hundreds of farms have already been reduced to blackened ashes. Stock, crops, farm buildings and fences—all have been swept away. Men, women and children have been overtaken by the flames and consumed. The little hamlets of Anderson, Richmondville and Charleston, Sanilac County, are all reported to have been wiped out, while Port Hope, Verona Mills and Bad Axe, Huron County, were wholly or partly burned up. An appeal for help, issued by the Mayor of Port Huron and others, says: "A most appalling disaster has fallen upon a large portion of the counties of Huron and Sanilac, with some adjacent territory—a section of the country recently covered with forests and now occupied by nearly fifty thousand people, largely recent settlers and either poor or in very moderate circumstances. In the whole of this section there has been but little rain during the past two months, and everything was parched and dry when on Monday, September 5th, a hurricane swept over it, carrying with it a sheet of flame that scarcely anything could withstand. We have reports already of over two hundred persons burned to death, many of them by the roadside or in the field while seeking a place of safety. It is probable that twice this number have perished. We also have reports from twenty or more townships in which scarcely a house, barn or supplies of any kind are left, and thousands of people are destitute and helpless. All of these people require immediate assistance, and most of them must depend on charity for months to come."

In Tuscola County, in the next tier of counties back from Lake Huron and south of Saginaw, fires have also raged, but with less severity. The losses there are overshadowed by the more terrible condition of things in the adjoining counties. The same state of affairs existed in Lapeer County, next south of Tuscola, and the whole country around Saginaw and Bay City has been ablaze from the marshes taking fire.

A dispatch from Sand Beach, Mich., says that town during the whole of Wednesday last was in total darkness. Business was entirely suspended, and everybody was engaged in wetting down buildings and streets. Some of the scenes in the burned district are shocking beyond description. Near Sand Beach a little child was found clasped in an older sister's arms, and two other sisters were near by, all burned to a crisp. One entire family, consisting of five persons, were burned within twenty rods of their house. On Houghton Creek a family was compelled to seek shelter in a well and remain there for six hours. At one time twenty-four women and children were crowded in one well, many of whom perished.

The latest reports show that about seven hundred thousand acres, or more than one thousand square miles of country, have been burned over, and that from ten to twelve thousand people are absolutely homeless and destitute.

THE CITY AND ATTRACTIONS OF CHARLESTON, S. C.

A VISIT to the City of Charleston, S. C., will richly repay the tourist for the time spent in examining its attractions. It is hoary with historical interest. From the time of its settlement by Sayle's English Colony in 1673 to the present day it has played an important part in every event and circumstance of national moment. By 1780 it had thrice resisted British assaults, and when in May of that year it yielded it was only to an overpowering force at the end of a six weeks' siege. During the nullification movement of Jackson's Administration, and in the early months of the Rebellion, its people were more demonstrative than those of any other Southern city. It was here that the war was really begun, when its batteries opened fire on Major Anderson in Fort Sumter, and it managed to hold its own ground until Sherman had gained Columbia four years later. Since the war its recuperation has been quite rapid and exceedingly substantial, and it is now one of the leading commercial ports of the South.

The city covers a large extent of territory, stretching from the Grand Battery Wall northwards fully three miles. It is laid out with considerable regularity, the streets, for the most part, crossing at right angles. The principal ones are King and Meeting, and these run north and south in almost parallel lines the entire length of the city, converging, however, at the extreme northern limit. King Street is the fashionable promenade, and contains the leading retail stores. The Battery is also a popular promenade, but is more of a delightful rendezvous in the cool of the evening than a pedestrian stretch.

The suburbs of the "American Venice" contain the famous Magnolia Cemetery, with its magnificent magnolia and live oak trees, and monuments to noted men and women; Drayton Hall, with its wealth of unsurpassed azaleas and camellias; Middleton Place, once the most beautiful plantation in the State; the old Church of St. James on Goose Creek, which the British spared in the Revolution because the royal arms were emblazoned over its pulpit; Oak Farm, with its grand avenues of oaks, older than the city itself; Fort Sumter, Moultrie and Ripley, and James and Sullivan's Islands. In public and private buildings the city is highly favored.

There are few places in the United States that will offer half the inducements that Charleston does to one who wishes to visit a congenial spot, and sit or walk and review with present reminders the patriotic stories of the past, and trace the circumstances that have led to the prosperity of to-day.

A Yellow Day Down East.

TUESDAY, the 6th of September, was a day which will long be remembered throughout New England as the "yellow" day. The extraordinary appearance of the sky was unlike anything within the memory of the oldest inhabitants. In the forenoon it was said to be like a London fog, but as the yellow hue became intensified, many of the weather-wise presaged a hurricane which should become, as nearly as was possible in this temperate zone, a typhoon; not a few regarded the strange conditions with apprehension, and some of the superstitious thought that Mother Shipton's prophecies were to be realized.

The Boston Transcript says that "during the forenoon the light was peculiarly unpleasant and trying to the eyes, and in the afternoon artificial light was needed in many stores and offices. The faces of persons in the street had a sickly, yellowish look; the yellow hue of the gas gave place to a brilliant white glare, with a bluish tinge; with the appearance of electric lights, the grass was changed to strange tints, being at first a vivid light-green, and then changing to a dull brown; birds flew unusually low, and the lamps were lighted in many of the early afternoon trains from the city."

"In Framingham the effect on the foliage of trees and on lawns and buildings was beautiful, everything appearing as if viewed through glass stained a pale yellow and soft green shade. Railroad men started out from the depot with their lanterns lighted, the same as in the evening. At Fall River the schools were dismissed, and in all the mills the gas was lighted. The peculiar light intensified the greens and reds, making them very beautiful."

"The citizens of North Adams were very much frightened at the phenomenon, many of them thinking that a cyclone or earthquake was threatened. But about eleven o'clock the air grew clearer, and by noon the sun shone forth, resembling a brilliant pink ball. For a time the heat was oppressive. In neighboring towns some of the mill operatives stopped work. The streets were crowded with excited people, many of whom expressed belief that the judgment day was at hand."

"At Haver, N. H., the sky presented a strange and unnatural appearance, being overhead a light olive shade and at the horizon a live-green. A burning match looked like an electric light. Many persons complained of a dizzy sensation. The peculiar hazy weather caused a suspension of the public schools at Lowell. The mills were lighted, too, and the lighting of gas on the principal streets was necessary. At South Framingham the atmosphere was very close, at times being quite oppressive. Occasionally distant thunder was heard. The effect on trees, corn-fields, lawns, mowing fields and even on buildings, was beautiful in the extreme. Early in the afternoon it became so dark that in offices, factories, stores and private residences in many places, lamps were lighted and kept burning all the afternoon. All lights, and even a burning match, appeared to have the brilliancy of the electric light. Gaslight could not be used to advantage, as the eyes were much affected by it."

"At Marlborough nearly all the shoe manufacturing were closed, and hundreds of operatives were obliged to stop work on account of the darkness. The track men in some sections carried lighted lanterns with them several hours in the afternoon."

"At Portsmouth, N. H., the remarkable appearance of the sky continued all day, attracting universal attention, the superstitious being particularly concerned. The peculiar light, which made indoor illuminations necessary, alternated from a lurid yellow to a weird greenish cast, intensifying the coloring of every earthly object."

"At St. Albans, Vt., the sky presented a very singular appearance early in the morning. At four o'clock, and from that time until a little after six, the dense haze which filled the heavens was red as the redness of the evening sky. This color changed to a phosphorescent green, which lasted till about half-past seven. One peculiarity of this luminous haze was that it cast no shadows. It was as light underneath the trees as it was above them, and the landscape was as devoid of perspective as a Chinese painting. Everything had a weird and ghostly appearance."

"In Worcester, lights were used in most houses. fowls went to roost early in the day, katydids and other nocturnal insects began their usual evening concert at noon or earlier, and some of those people who are disposed to regard every eccentricity of nature as a sign of approaching dissolution believed that the end of the world was at hand. A party of Second Adventists donned their ascension robes and met in a schoolhouse to await what they considered the end of the world. Bats and owls came from their hiding-places, and fowls went to roost."

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

Nijni-Novgorod and the Opening of its Great Fair.

All the large cities on the Volga (Samara alone excepted), Saratov, Simbirsk, Kasan and Nijni-Novgorod, are situated on the picturesque and hilly side of the Volga—that is, on its right bank, for the left bank is flat and featureless throughout. The only thing which distinguishes Nijni-Novgorod from the others is that its range of hills is higher and its situation consequently more imposing. As you slacken steam and slowly move up to the landing quay, the intervening country between the village of Podnoveye and Nijni is eminently picturesque. Two white buildings, the Pajorski Monastery and the St. Mary's institution for girls, are conspicuous amidst the varied foliage which surrounds them; and now the gilded cupolas of the cathedral glitter in the sun; and the white, crenellated walls of the ancient kremlin, creeping up the precipitous slope of the hill, flanked here and there by small, square, minaret-shaped towers, with the old town reposing under the shadow of its fortress and looking down serenely on the busy scene below, give to Nijni-Novgorod an appearance unique among Russian cities. The town of Nijni consists of two parts—the old town, nestling around its kremlin, and proudly disdainful of the commercial advantages offered it by the proximity of two great rivers; and the new town, consisting of the new quays built along the right bank of the Oka, and the new streets which have sprung up behind them. When the fair is held at this town, the view from the Mouraviev Tower is perhaps the most remarkable in the world. There, embraced within the compass of a glance, is the whole scene of the Great Fair of Nijni-Novgorod. A huge, flat, sandy plain, flanked by two great rivers, is covered over with houses of different colors, mostly red and yellow, made of brick and wood and matting; millions of this world's richest merchandise stored or strewn in every direction; churches, mosques and theatres rising in their midst; two hundred thousand human beings, more or less, engaged in buying, selling, trafficking, pushing, jolting, hurrying in every direction; barges warped along the quays of two rivers still busily engaged in unshipping their exhaustless cargoes. At one glance you see all this. The Russians are pre-eminently religious. Everywhere you meet outward signs of the devotion of the people, and, in all the hurry of business, a moujik never passes a shrine without stopping and making the sign of the cross. It will not be deemed strange, then, that the fair is opened by a grand religious ceremony in a church on the great square.

M. Gambetta Addressing the Electors of Belleville, Paris.

The public meetings of the electors of that exorbitant part of Paris known as Belleville, just before the recent elections in France, afforded the only marked incident of the event. The incident was the boisterous reception given to M. Gambetta on two occasions when he appeared to address the people. In his speech he was unusually vehement, and upbraided them for their treatment more harshly than American candidates for popular suffrage would have dared, winding up by calling them cowards. When, however, the returns were all in, it was found that the President of the Assembly had been re-elected, but by a very small majority—indeed, the majority was so slight that politicians generally looked upon it as a practical defeat.

Reunion of Gymnastic Societies at Havre.

The City of Havre was in holiday attire on August 14th, the occasion being a joint fete by Belgian, Dutch, English, French and other gymnastic societies. The fete was opened by a banquet; then there was a reunion of the societies on the Champ d'Iquival, where the members indulged in various manoeuvres and regulation exercises. On the 16th an excursion was made to Trouville, where the sports and entertainments were concluded. The members of the society from Alsace and Lorraine were received with demonstrations of the utmost warmth.

Cruise of the King and Queen of Spain.

In July last the King and Queen of Spain set out on a cruise on the royal corvette *Tornado*, and on the 9th of August their Majesties arrived at Ferrol, and were received with much enthusiasm in the fine arsenal, where half of the actual navy of Spain now lies inactive. The authorities had prepared the dockyards, quays and vessels so as to give the best possible idea of the state of the navy. A large force of royal marines and chasseurs lined the streets and naval yards. The guns of the fort boomed forth royal salutes as the royal flagship appeared at the head of the harbor and again when the Governor of Ferrol, according to custom, banded to the King the keys of the fortress. Ferrol was crowded with peasants in strange costumes, talking local patois. The King stood the fatigue of the voyage very well. Their Majesties were present at the launch of two frigates, the laying of the keel of two fast sloops and the inauguration of a floating dock, before they left for Santiago to visit the ancient shrines of Galicia.

A Menagerie Race.

This singular contest formed one of the sports lately held at the Infantry Barracks at Singapore. "In the 'Menagerie Race,'" writes the artist, "each competitor" (they were all officers) "had an animal to enter, which he drove as straight as he could. There was a frog, a goose, a young pig, a cock, a cat, a dog, a turkey, a kid, a duck, a young monkey and a pelican. The latter got away from his siring, and flew up into a high tree just as the race was going to begin. The animals had ribbons round their necks. The goose won the race, as he was the only one who went straight; the dog made for the pig, and a battle royal ensued, the monkey and the cat laid down and would not move a step. It was great fun, and made us all laugh very much. Of course they were handicapped according to their supposed capabilities."

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

MAYOR KALLOCH, of San Francisco, announces that he will run for Congress.

PRESIDENT GARFIELD's sons, Harry and James, entered Williams College last week.

It is rumored that the King of Wurtemberg has been converted to Catholicism.

MR. JOHN WALTER, M. P., proprietor of the London Times, arrived at this port last week.

THE reports regarding the intention of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts to visit America soon are unfounded.

JEFFERSON DAVIS arrived at Liverpool last week. He is not in good health, and declined to be interviewed.

THE Hon. Henry B. Curtis, of Mount Vernon, Ohio, has presented Kenyon College with \$15,000 for the endowment of scholarships.

THE son of General Egbert Viele, of New York, has carried off several honors in the distribution of prizes at the College Stanislas, Paris.

THE Shah of Persia contemplates a third visit to Europe next Spring, making a stay at St. Petersburg, Rome, Paris, Vienna, London and Berlin.

QUEEN VICTORIA and Princess Beatrice are having a quiet time in Scotland, and will return to Windsor Castle about the middle of November.

MR. AUSTIN COBBIN will shortly leave for Europe for the purpose of arranging for the building of an American hotel on the Thames Embankment.

It is intended to confer the grand cross of the Order of St. Michael and St. George upon John A. McDonald, in recognition of his services as Canadian Premier.

MR. JOHN W. GARRETT is to present the City of Baltimore with a \$20,000 fountain, adorned with figures in bronze. It will be set up in Washington Place, between Charles and St. Paul Streets.

In France Gambetta has written another letter declaring against mortmain &c., favoring the confiscation of the property of religious corporations. The Bonapartists were only one seat in Corsica.

THE Mayor of Manchester, England, where Mr. W. H. Ainsworth, the veteran novelist, was born in 1805, has invited him to a complimentary dinner to be attended by a number of local representatives of literature and art.

In Germany it is understood that the Czar took the initiative in arranging for his coming interview with the Emperor William. The Russian authorities decline to announce in advance the route by which the Czar will travel to Germany.

MR. GEORGE CAYENDISH BENTINCK, with his young American wife and baby daughter, arrived at their English home at Branksan Island a few weeks ago. There were hearty demonstrations of welcome and respect from the tenants on the estate—these demonstrations including an address and triumphal arches.

LORD DUFFERIN has become very popular in Constantinople society. His tact, his charming manners and his pleasant entertainments combine to make the handsome ambassador heartily liked both by Turks and foreigners. Lady Dufferin, who is an excellent amateur actress, has been arranging several dramatic representations.

A DELICATE surgical operation was performed at the Jefferson Medical College in Philadelphia last week, by which Senator Hill of Georgia was relieved of a troublesome growth of fungus on his tongue and throat. Professor S. D. Gross performed the operation, the Senator having been put under the influence of ether. A small piece of the tongue and the glands in the floor of the mouth were removed, thus giving entire relief from the trouble.

It is proposed to erect a monument to Captain Charles P. Smith, who commanded the *Seawanhaka* when that vessel was burned, upon the sunken meadows where Captain Smith beached the *Seawanhaka*. It is suggested that the monument should be a plain granite shaft with an appropriate inscription engraved upon it. The cost is roughly estimated at from \$1,500 to \$2,000, though it may be reduced to \$1,000. Several gentlemen have expressed willingness to contribute \$50 each, but it is proposed to begin with dollar contributions.

CHIAN T'SAN YU, the newly-appointed Chinese Minister to the United States, is expected to arrive in October. He is represented as a man of about fifty years of age, who has had much experience in public affairs, and is a favorite of the Viceroy, Li Hung Chang. He was for ten years assistant manager of the Shanghai Arsenal, a position of responsibility. For the past three years he has been in charge of the Customs House at Tien-Tsin, and of the adjoining customs district, perhaps the most lucrative position of the sort in the empire, yielding a legitimate income to the incumbent of about \$200,000 a year.

OBITUARY.—September 3d.—Captain William L. Hanson, retired, United States Naval Constructor, at Malden, Mass., aged 69; Lorenzo Delmonico, the celebrated caterer of New York City, at Sharon Springs, N. Y., aged 68; killed in the engagement with Apache Indians in Arizona Territory, Edward C. Hentig, Captain Sixth Cavalry, U. S. A., aged 36. September 5th.—At the Theological Seminary of St. Charles Borromeo, at Overbrook, Pa., Rev. Joseph Balfe, D.D., Professor of Dogmatic and Ecclesiastical History, and one of the most eminent divines of the Catholic Church in this country. September 6th.—J. O. Sefton, the actor, at Detroit, Mich., from an internal rupture produced while acting, aged between 65 and 70; at London, Eng., Dr. Archibald Billing, the eminent physician and medical writer, aged 89; at Chantilly, near Paris, the Archduchess Marie Clementine, of Austria, aunt of the Emperor and widow of Prince Leopold of Salerno, aged 83. September 11th.—Rev. John M. Hennel, D.D., Archbishop of Milwaukee, at his residence, aged 80; Hon. William W. Campbell, LL.D., formerly a Commissioner of Bankruptcy, a member of Congress, a Judge of the Superior Court of New York City, and of the Supreme Court, and the author of many historical and biographical works, at Cherry Valley, N. Y., aged 75; John Winter Jones, F.S.A., geographical compiler and editor, and for some years principal Librarian of the British Museum; Stephen S. Foster, for many years prominent as an agitator for anti-slavery, temperance and women's rights, at Worcester, Mass., aged 71. September 18th.—At Lynn, P. I. County, N. G., Sidney Lanier, poet, scholar and writer, author of the "Centennial Ode," aged 39; Hon. Loren P. Wald, formerly member of Congress and Judge of the Supreme Court of Connecticut, aged 80; Peachy R. Gratin, an eminent lawyer of Richmond, Va., author of "Gratin's Reports," and for forty years was law reporter of the Virginia Supreme Court of Appeals, aged 80.—Intelligence has been received by mail of the death of Prince Frederick of Orange, the oldest surviving member of the historic house of Orange, aged 84; Cap. Jan Popelin, the Belgian officer engaged in African exploration, aged 34; Emile Fourcaud, L. E. Senator of France, aged 62; of Rt. Hon. James Stuart-Wortley, for half a century one of the most distinguished jurists of England, aged 76; and of Pietro Costa, one of the most famous dramatic authors of Italy, aged 48.

CASKET SPRING IN THE LURAY CAVE, VA.

On a terraced mound, in the silent depths of the caverns of Luray, and flowing from a curiously wrought casket, from which it takes its name, is the spring of crystal water represented by our sketch, and known as "Casket Spring." Among the many beauties of these caverns, now pre-eminent among "things of beauty," none, perhaps, strike more forcibly the general visitor than this spring. Its surroundings are admirably fitted to enhance its quiet beauty. It is situated just within the spacious amphitheatre known as the "Ball Room," and its approach is so guarded by stalactite and stalagmite formations, that one is upon it before its existence is indicated—the very audaciousness of its appearance adding greatly to the effect of its beauty. Within thirty feet stands the snow-white shape curiously like a retreating female figure, clothed in flowing robes of white, and aptly named "Cinderella leaving the Ball." Fluted stalactite columns, fifty feet high, or more, form the background of the spring, and a royal canopy, fringed with the most exquisite drapery, stretches from the front, and is reflected from its glass-like surface. An opening in the background, near the left of the basin, reveals the small lake whence comes its supply of water.

The spring proper is incased in an oval basin, three feet deep and about six feet in length, its sides and bottom being covered with crystals whose facets, in the clear water, sparkle like so many diamonds. Two feet below this basin is another of irregular shape, of about the same depth but greater area. Below again are others continuing in series to the foot of the large mound, a distance of twenty feet from the upper basin. The water, overflowing the upper spring, fills each of those below in turn. It is delightfully cool and pleasant to the taste. The rims of all these basins are curved and irregular, and their raised sides are covered with delicate ruffles, as though the ripples of the water had been caught by some fairy hand, and turned to marble. The constant wonder is how they could have been formed by any agency of nature. Overhanging some of the lower basins are immense amber-colored folds hanging from the ceiling fifty feet above, and so arranged as to appear to form a screen to shut off from mortal eyes the marvels of an enchanted room. The whole seems chiseled out of solid rock by an inspired sculptor who has wrought with more than the might of a Hercules, and yet with more than the delicate skill of a lace-maker. From the co-



VIRGINIA.—CASKET SPRING, IN LURAY CAVE, PAGE COUNTY.—FROM A SKETCH BY JOSEPH BECKER.

ing which time the Shenandoah Valley Railroad, one hundred and forty-five miles in length, has been completely built and equipped, thus bringing the caverns and their wonders within a half-day's journey of the American metropolis.

The tourist to the White Sulphur Springs, leaving New York by the Pennsylvania Railroad, is well repaid by stopping over at Luray to visit the caverns.

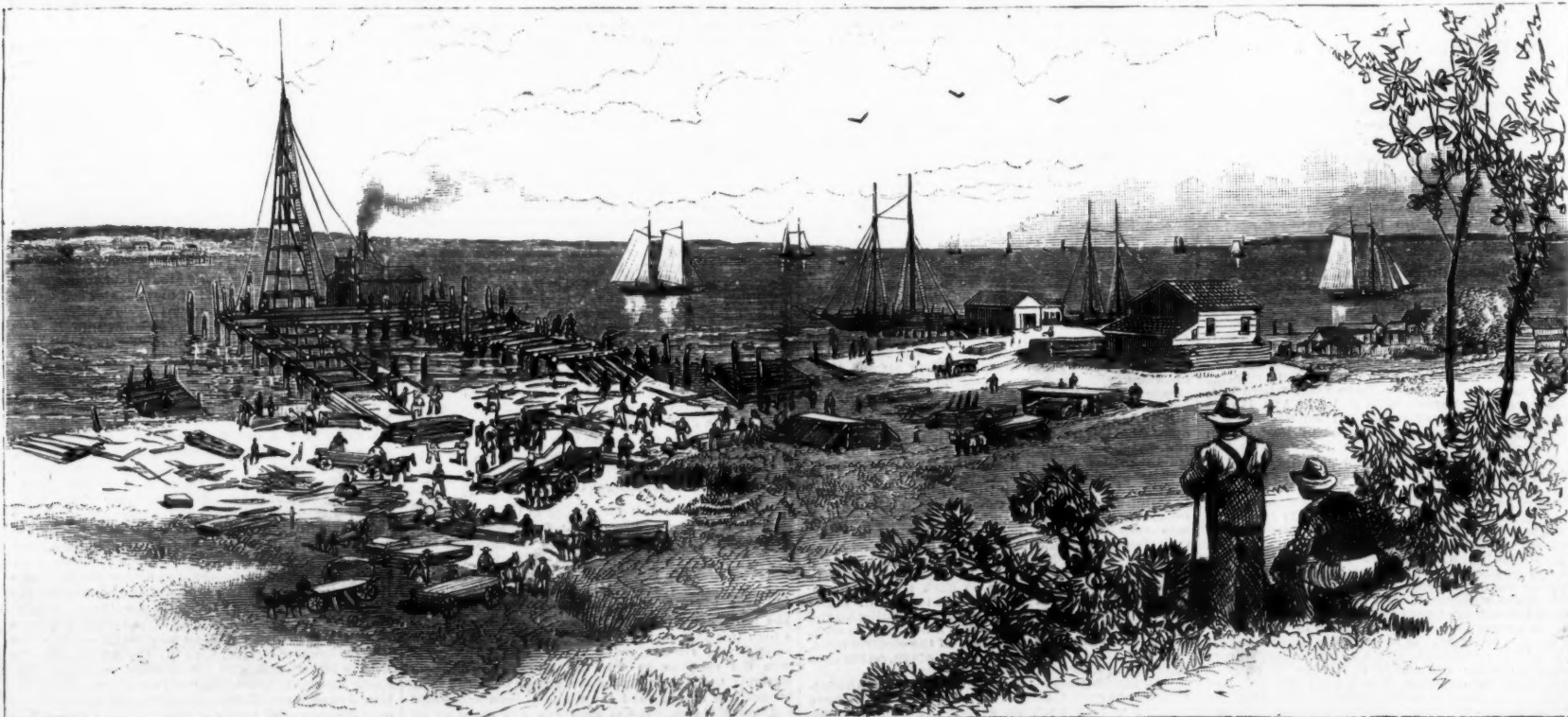
THE YORKTOWN MONUMENT.

THE monument which is to be erected on the battlefield of Yorktown, in commemoration of the great historic event which occurred there a century ago, promises to be in every way a notable symbolical structure. It is to be built under the personal supervision of Colonel Craighill, Messrs. R. Hunt and J. Q. A. Ward, of New York, and Henry Van Brunt, of Boston, who were appointed by the Secretary of War to prepare a design of the proposed monument, have completed this work and submitted a report. From the architectural point of view, the monument is composed of three principal points. The first is a base, which, with its stylobate and its pediments, is 37 feet high, and occupies an area of 38 feet square upon the ground. The second is a highly sculptural podium 25½ feet high and 13 feet in diameter, in the form of a drum supporting a column. This latter, which is part third, is 60 feet high and at the base 7½ feet in diameter. This shaft, for the sake of economy, is composed of a succession of drums or courses of masonry, giving practical reasons for a departure from the conventional treatment which belongs to monolithic shafts. The joints are masked by four bands, decorated with laurel leaves and justified by a decoration of stars symmetrically disposed upon them and breaking the outline of the column. From the symbolical point of view, the monument is intended to convey, in architectural language, the idea set forth in the dedicatory inscription that by the victory at Yorktown the independence of the United States of America was achieved or brought to a final accomplishment.

The four sides of the base contain, first, an inscription dedicating the monument as a memorial of the victory; second, an inscription representing a succinct narrative of the siege, prepared in accordance with the original archives in the Department of State; third, the treaty of alliance with the King of France, and fourth, the treaty of peace with the King of England. In the pediments over these four sides, respectively, are presented, carved in relief, emblems of nation-

It seems incredible that the indescribable beauties of these caverns, whose formation has occupied untold ages, have been discovered but two years, dur-

the treaty of peace with the King of England. In the pediments over these four sides, respectively, are presented, carved in relief, emblems of nation-



VIRGINIA.—PREPARING FOR THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION OF THE SURRENDER OF CORNWALLIS—BUILDING THE GREAT DOCK AT YORKTOWN.—FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.



REV. DR. H. W. THOMAS, ON TRIAL FOR HERESY AT CHICAGO.
FROM A PHOTO. BY B. L. RIDER.

wardly, up the broad river, in a direct line to West Point, the junction of the Pamunkey and Mattaponi Rivers, which form the York. The other view, southward, will overlook the plains of Yorktown. When erected, the monument will be distinctly visible from all vessels passing up and down Chesapeake Bay. The land purchased by the Government embraces six acres, and lies just within what were the British lines. The foundation for the base of the monument has been dug and filled in with granite concrete. The corner-stone, of granite taken from the Richmond quarries—the same from which the State, War and Navy Department buildings at Washington have been constructed—is on the ground, ready to be lowered in position for Masonic ceremonies.

Workmen are now engaged, under a Federal engineer, in building a dock at Yorktown at which vessels will land their supplies, etc.

REV. DR. H. W. THOMAS.

THE trial of Rev. Dr. H. W. Thomas, of the Rock River Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and lately pastor of the Centenary Church in Chicago, upon a charge of heresy, which has just been held before a committee appointed for the purpose, has attracted wide attention in church circles. The charges as formulated by the prosecution are as follows: (1) "Denying the inspiration and authority of portions of the Canonical Scriptures in such way as to antagonize the Fifth Article of Religion, as found in the Discipline of the Methodist Episcopal Church"; (2) "Denying the Doctrine of Atonement, as held by the Methodist Episcopal Church, and embodied in the second and twentieth of her Articles of Religion, as set forth in the Discipline"; and (3) "Teaching a probation after death for those who die in sin, thereby antagonizing the standards of the Methodist Episcopal Church in relation to the endless punishment of the wicked." The prosecution was in charge of Rev. S. A. W. Jewett, Rev. Mr. Stoughton, and Rev. R. M. Hatfield. Dr. Thomas was defended by Rev. Emory Miller, Rev. Mr. Axtell, Rev. H. W. Bennett and Rev. Dr. Shepherd. The presiding judge was Rev. Dr. Willing, the Presiding Elder of the Chicago District. In relation to the defense which was offered, and to Dr. Thomas's opinions upon the points raised in the charges, Mr. Austin Bierbower, who has been retained to attend to the purely legal aspects of the case, recently said:

"It will be shown that there is nothing in the Articles of Religion of the Methodist Episcopal Church that is antagonistic to what Dr. Thomas has been preaching. The articles are almost silent on the subjects of inspiration and eternal punishment



WILLIAM LEE HOWARD, THE EXPLORER OF ICELAND.
FROM A PHOTO. BY STUART.—SEE PAGE 59.

ality, of war, of the alliance and of peace. The base is thus devoted to the historical statement. It explains the subsequent incidents of the monumental composition, which are intended to appear solely to the imagination. The immediate result of the historical events written upon the base was the happy establishment of a national Union of thirteen youthful, free and independent States. To celebrate this joyful union the sculptor has represented upon the circular podium which arises from the base a solemn dance of thirteen typical female figures, hand in hand, encircling a drum, which bears upon a belt beneath their feet the words, "One country, one Constitution, one destiny." It is a symbol of the birth of freedom. The model will be taken to Yorktown and exhibited during the coming celebration.

The site selected for the monument is on a bluff overlooking the York River, adjoining and below the village boundary line, only a deep ravine, extending from the foot of the bluff and gradually diminishing until it reaches the level plain, distant a few hundred feet, intervening. Facing the river and looking to the right, eastwardly, the view is unobstructed to the Capes of Virginia, distant about twenty-eight miles. In front, northwardly, the view is directly across the river to Gloucester Point and over Gloucester County; to the left, north-



SOUTH CAROLINA.—VIEW ON KING STREET, THE FASHIONABLE PROMENADE OF CHARLESTON.—SKETCHED BY W. GOATER.—SEE PAGE 59.



VIRGINIA.—MONUMENT ERECTED AT YORKTOWN TO COMMEMORATE THE
SURRENDER OF LORD CORNWALLIS.

Dr. Thomas will declare his unqualified allegiance to the doctrines of the Methodist Church, but that he cannot accept certain burdens of theological dogma which are being urged under the assumed garb of orthodoxy. He will show that the founder of the Methodist Church, even John Wesley himself, advanced very similar theological beliefs, and that they are by no means original with Dr. Thomas.

The Methodist Church, he said further, really has no standard of doctrine, so that Dr. Thomas could not be convicted of violating it. If the Church has any standard of doctrine, it was that embodied in the teachings either of Wesley or the early fathers of the Church, or of the bishops and leading clergymen of the present day. It would be shown, however, that Dr. Thomas maintained no doctrines that were not, or are not, advanced by some of these leaders of the Church. Dr. Thomas has expressed his determination not to avail himself of any technicality, but to fully express his views and have the question as to his orthodoxy fairly tested. The present hearing having resulted in the formal presentation of Dr. Thomas to the Conference for trial, he will be tried before a committee of fifteen, selected by the bishop, any member of which the accused cler-

gyman may challenge. In case he is found guilty of the charges, Dr. Thomas may appeal to a judicial conference, composed of a bishop and twenty-one members selected from the three Conferences other than the one before which he was tried, which will review the evidence. Another appeal may be taken to the General Conference, which meets once in four years. As both Dr. Thomas and his



NEW MEXICO.—THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH AT SANTA FE.
SEE PAGE 59.

accusers have exhibited great determination in the progress of the case thus far, it is likely to be before the public for years to come, and to rank among the most memorable church trials of this country.

Dr. Thomas, the accused clergyman, was born in the mountains of West Virginia, about fifty years ago. His parents were not slave-owners, and he was from youth an ardent abolitionist. He worked on a farm until he began preaching, receiving as his early training only a common school education. About twenty years ago he removed to Iowa, where he preached in some of the principal towns, and in 1870 he was transferred to the Rock River Conference. This includes Chicago, and in that city Dr. Thomas soon acquired a high reputation as a preacher, and became noted especially for his expression of liberal views. He drew great crowds to his church, and finally attracted so much attention that about a year ago the members of the Conference who had taken exception to his liberal expressions began proceedings against him.

"SURPRISED AT HER RECOVERY."

A GENTLEMAN at San Marco, Texas, writes, October 8th, 1890: "My wife's case is the most decided case of Consumption I have ever seen. She had been coughing for two years, with occasional hemorrhage. For four or five months had been having fever all the time, expectorating profusely; so much so that she could not sleep at night, having night-sweats, and reduced so in flesh and strength that she could barely leave her bed. She was attended by the best physicians in the State, but without any good results. Two Home Treatments of Compound Oxygen cured her, and for eighteen months she has been in better health than for many years." Treatise on "Compound Oxygen" sent free. DRS. STARKER & FALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard St., Philadelphia, Pa.

RELATIVES are an absolute necessity to some people. If a servant girl hasn't got an aunt who is sick and requires some one to spend the night with her, how is the girl to go to the circus?

BABY'S APPEAL.

"WHAT makes I cry and folks say I'm naughty?" Cause stomach ache, and sour in my mouth; Cause too, can't sleep, and worms bites me belly; "Fever," as they say, feel like I was jelly. Guess your babies cry, Dick and Victoria, When mamma's gone, and don't have CASTORIA. "You're right; they fairly yell." There, Uncle Cy; Cousin Frank have CASTORIA, he don't cry.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE FOR AGED PERSONS.

I HAVE found HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE to act very kindly in aged persons.

M. H. PALMER, M.D.

LINDA DIETZ.

MESSRS. WM. B. RIKER & SON: I have long used your AMERICAN FACE POWDER, and consider it a very superior article.

Yours sincerely, LINDA DIETZ.

SIX REASONS

WHY you should go to the COLTON DENTAL ASSOCIATION, in the Cooper Institute, to get teeth extracted:

- 1st. Because Dr. Colton originated the anesthetic use of the gas, and thoroughly understands its application.
- 2d. Because he has given it during the past sixteen years to one hundred and twenty-one thousand eight hundred and two (121,802) patients without any accident or serious ill effects.
- 3d. Because they use 300 gallons of gas a day, and, consequently, have it always pure and fresh.
- 4th. Because you are sure to avoid pain, and to leave the office as well as you entered it.
- 5th. Because this Association is endorsed and patronized by every prominent physician in the city.
- 6th. Because we supply no other dentists with our gas.

HOW TO MAKE MONEY.

It is pretty generally acknowledged that money saved is money made. And a perusal of the four-volume ad. of the AMERICAN MANUFACTURING CO. will pretty surely show that money can be saved by buying goods direct from manufacturer and importer and saving the numberless profits of middlemen. At any rate they offer sufficient inducements for anyone to try this principle of buying goods, simply asking for a trial order, and then letting the principle stand on its merits for the future. The AMERICAN MANUFACTURING CO. are a live, energetic firm, having an extensive factory and warehouse at City Mills, Norfolk County, Mass., twenty-five miles from Boston, and an office and salesroom, corner Milk and Federal Streets, opposite the new Post-Office, Boston, Mass. We hope their appeal for public patronage will be responded to, to the extent that their magnificent and liberal offer should entitle them to expect.

Do not forget to add to your lemonade or soda ten drops of ANGSTURA BITTERS. It imparts a delicious flavor, and prevents all summer diseases. Be sure to get the genuine ANGSTURA BITTERS, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.

Don't go fishing without HUB PUNCH.

THE sketch of Fort Griswold, published last week in connection with illustrations of the New London Centennial, was from proof sheets of "Allyn's History of the Battle of Groton Heights"—a work of historic interest and value.

NOTHING equal to PEARL'S WHITE GLYCERINE for sunburn, prickly heat, and to remove tan. Use PEARL'S WHITE GLYCERINE SOAP.

THE ST. NICHOLAS, New York, is as fresh and youthful as in its youthful days, and well deserves the reputation it acquired years ago. Exquisite order and neatness and a luxurious table are attractions that experienced travelers always appreciate; and these are just the requisites which make the ST. NICHOLAS such a perennial favorite.

"Use Redding's Russia Salve."

STUTTERING cured by BATES'S APPLIANCES. Send for description to Simpson & Co., Box 2236, New York.

OUR BEST REMEDY.

WINSTON, FORSYTHE CO., N. C., March 1, 1880. GENTS—I desire to express to you my thanks for your wonderful Hop Bitters. I was troubled with dyspepsia for five years previous to commencing the use of your Hop Bitters some six months ago. My cure has been wonderful. I am pastor of the First Methodist Church of this place, and my whole congregation can testify to the great virtue of your bitters. Very respectfully, REV. H. FERRIS. Bay City, Mich., Feb. 3, 1880. Hop Bitters Co.—I think it my duty to send you a recommendation for the benefit of any person wishing to know whether Hop Bitters are good or not. I know they are good for general debility and indigestion; strengthen the nervous system and make new life. I recommend my patients to use them. DR. A. PRATT, Treatise of Chronic Diseases. Send for Circulars of Testimonials, to HOP BITTERS MANUFACTURING CO. Rochester, N. Y., Toronto, Ont., or London, Eng.

Secret of a Beautiful Face.



Every lady desires to be considered handsome. The most important adjunct to beauty is a clear, smooth, soft and beautiful skin. With this essential a lady appears handsome, even if her features are not perfect.

Ladies afflicted with Tan, Freckles, Rough or Discolored Skin, should lose no time in procuring and applying

LAIRD'S BLOOM OF YOUTH.

It will immediately obliterate all such imperfections, and is entirely harmless. It has been chemically analyzed by the Board of Health of New York City, and pronounced entirely free from any material injurious to the health or skin.

Over two million ladies have used this delightful toilet preparation, and in every instance it has given entire satisfaction. Ladies, if you desire to be beautiful, give LAIRD'S BLOOM OF YOUTH a trial, and be convinced of its wonderful efficacy.

I WAS DREADFULLY AFRAID THAT HORRID FEVER WOULD RUIN MY COMPLEXION FOR LIFE, BUT "LAIRD'S BLOOM OF YOUTH" HAS SETTLED THAT QUESTION WITH A LOVELY SUCCESS.

Sold by Fancy Goods Dealers and Druggists everywhere. Price 75 cts. per Bottle. Depot, 83 John St., N. Y.



The Edson Electro-Magnetic Garter.

THE "ODIC FORCE." MARVELLOUS EFFECT OF ELECTRICITY. CURE AFTER CURE. LEG, FOOT, ANKLE.

No more NEURALGIC PAINS, RHEUMATISM, SCIATICA, CRAMPS, STIFFNESS OF THE JOINTS OR SWELLING OF THE LIMBS. The wearing of these Garters will develop the LEG, ANKLE and FOOT into perfect form, strengthening the limbs and adding marvellous grace and elasticity to the step, and put an end to all SHAFER and DWARFED LIMBS. They are substantially made from the best Silk, Satin or Cotton Webbing. Beautiful in appearance and worn with all the ease and comfort of the best known Garter.

PRICES: One inch wide, all Silk or Satin, French Elastic Webbing (usual colors). Ladies' Size, \$1.50; Men's Size, \$2.00; Misses' Size, \$1.00; Children's Size, (material very soft and Elastic), not over five years of age, 75 cents. GARTERS in finest English Elastic Cotton Webbing, (one inch wide), Ladies' Size, \$1.00; Men's Size, \$1.25; Misses' Size, 75 cents. The above sent to any address in the world, post paid, on receipt of Postal Money Order or Registered Letter. In ordering, do not fail to state Ladies', Men's or Misses' size.

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Each and every one of the above names is taken without regard to the opinions these persons may entertain of the Magnetic Garments, as we know full well that to wear the "WILSONIA" for twelve consecutive months at the longest is to obtain absolute cure, no matter if the patient is afflicted with one or more of the forms of disease above mentioned.

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once.

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Try Us Once and You Will Always Buy Goods of Us. We are Positively Headquarters. We are Bona Fide Manufacturers and the Largest Manufacturers of Novelty Goods in the United States.

\$15,000 Worth of Elegant and Useful Gifts to be Positively Given away Absolutely Free

TO EVERY ONE WHO WILL SEND US A TRIAL ORDER, large or small, every one having the same chances of receiving a valuable gift if their order is but for a single 10-cent article as they would were it for \$100. THE OBJECT OF THIS ADVERTISEMENT is, first, to increase our own business, and second, to make our TRIAL ORDER an ADVANTAGEOUS OFFER to every reader of this paper who will give us a TRIAL ORDER, large or small, and by that means get acquainted with us and our principle of BEST GOODS, LARGE SALES, and SMALL PROFITS. BEING BONA FIDE MANUFACTURERS and importers and the LARGEST in our line in the UNITED STATES, we propose to sell direct to the consumer and SAVE THE MULTIFARIOUS PROFITS of middlemen, which, in many cases, amount to more than the first cost of the goods. Therefore, to get the readers of this paper to see that MONEY CAN BE MADE and money saved by buying goods from us, we earnestly invite every reader of this advertisement to give us a TRIAL ORDER, no matter how small, and be convinced that we can SAVE YOU MONEY; and to make this invitation more earnest we promise to GIVE TO YOU and to every one who sends a TRIAL ORDER, in answer to this advertisement, AN ELEGANT GIFT ABSOLUTELY FREE.

WE SHALL GIVE AWAY \$15,000 WORTH OF VALUABLE PRESENTS to people who send TRIAL ORDERS in answer to this advertisement. ONE PRESENT POSITIVELY GIVEN WITH EACH TRIAL ORDER, whether the trial order be for only 10 cents or for more than \$100. THESE GIFTS CONSIST OF SEWING MACHINES, CABINET ORGANS, WATCHES, SOLID GOLD and Plated Rings, Elegant Gold-Plated Sleeve-Buttons, Neck Chains, Vest Chains, Ladies' Sets, Coin Silver-Plated Tea, Table and Dessert Spoons, Casters, Butter Dishes, Coin Silver-Plated Table Knives, Butter Knives, Sugar Shells, China Tea Sets, Dress Patterns, Shirts, Shawls, Ladies' Lace Ties, Photograph and Autograph Albums, Pocket-Books, Toilet Sets, Vases, Pictures framed and unframed, Gent's Studs, Fine Nickel-Plated Revolvers, Toilet Articles, and hundreds of articles too numerous to mention. REMEMBER, ALL THE ABOVE ARTICLES TO BE POSITIVELY GIVEN AWAY to persons who shall send us TRIAL ORDERS in answer to this advertisement.

ONE PRESENT WITH EACH TRIAL ORDER, whether the trial order be large or small. Remember, a FAIR FIELD AND NO FAVOR in the distribution of these gifts. Every one treated alike, whether their trial order be large or small.

HOW THESE ELEGANT GIFTS ARE DISTRIBUTED.

First—Let it be distinctly understood that in the distribution of these splendid presents, every one is treated alike whether the TRIAL ORDER is large or small. You will receive the same treatment if your order is 10 cents as you would if it were \$100. We will now explain how these gifts are distributed: We have procured a large quantity of long narrow strips of paper, gummed or coated with mucilage on one side, and on the other side of this paper are written the names of these magnificent gifts that are to be given away as freely as air to every one who sends us a TRIAL ORDER in answer to this advertisement. A clerk now takes a package of letters and opens them, and the first TRIAL ORDER he comes to (that is sent in answer to this advertisement) he tears off one of the top of one of these lists of BEAUTIFUL PRESENTS the name of the first article on the list, and sticks it on with the gum on the back to the order. The next TRIAL ORDER will have the name of the next order on the list attached to it, and so on. These orders will be handed to the packer, who will pack the articles ordered and also PACK IN THE GIFT named on the slip of paper attached. It is thus seen that all have an equal opportunity of obtaining one of the most valuable gifts and a POSITIVE CERTAINTY of receiving a splendid present with their TRIAL ORDER. Here let us remark and let it be distinctly understood, that some of the gifts are WORTH \$50. Many are worth from \$10 TO \$20, others from \$1 TO \$5 and none worth less than from 10 cents to 50 cents, and all we ask you to do to obtain one of these gifts is to send us a TRIAL ORDER on any of the goods mentioned below, and see for yourself whether or not we do not give the best value of any house you ever dealt with. Your order shall receive the same attention, and you shall receive just as elegant and valuable gifts if your order is for 10 cents' worth as you would if for \$100.

THIS ADVERTISEMENT is intended to bring the greatest economic MONEY-SAVING PRINCIPLE OF BUYING DIRECT from the manufacturer and importer and saving the ENORMOUS PROFITS of middlemen that sap the life and substance out of the community, and for that reason we wish every merchant and every pedler, every canvasser or agent, and in fact every one who desires to get the MOST GOODS FOR THE LEAST MONEY to send us a TRIAL ORDER, and we agree not only to give a large value for the money but a MAGNIFICENT PRESENT ABSOLUTELY FREE.

HOW CAN WE AFFORD TO DO THIS?

This question is often asked. In answer we would say, we often spend THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS to pay for newspaper advertisements. We can afford to do this because people read the advertisements and send us orders for goods on which we make a profit. Now, by offering these MAGNIFICENT GIFTS, we hope to draw the attention of and obtain a TRIAL ORDER from every man or woman, rich or poor, who reads this advertisement; and we know that they will be so well satisfied with our goods and prices that they will continue to receive their orders, and on these future orders we depend for OUR PROFIT.

REMEMBER, AN ELEGANT AND VALUABLE GIFT TO EVERY ONE WHO FAVORS US WITH A TRIAL ORDER. A fair field and no favor in the distribution of gifts, whether your trial order be large or small.

Below we give a LIST OF GOODS, EVERY ARTICLE OF WHICH IS A REAL BARGAIN. Look over the list, select what you want and give us a TRIAL ORDER.

Gents' Underwear.				Gents' Stockings.				Garters.				Photograph Albums.			
SHIRTS OR DRAWERS.															
	Sample	1 doz.	1 doz.		Sample	1 doz.	1 doz.		Sample	1 doz.	1 doz.		Sample	1 doz.	1 doz.
	by mail.	by mail.	by ex.		by mail.	by mail.	by ex.		by mail.	by mail.	by ex.		by mail.	by mail.	by ex.
White or Gray, good.....	40	4.50	3.00	Cheap Cotton.....	10	1.00	.75	Filled Elastic Web.....	10	90	80	Fine Gilt and Colored Cover, 12 pic-	25	2.00	1.50
White or Gray, better.....	40	4.75	3.00	Fancy.....	10	1.50	1.25	Napkins.....				Fine Gilt and Colored Cover, 24 pic-	50	4.00	3.25
White or Gray, No. 1.....	60	5.00	3.50	Brilliant.....	25	2.50	2.00	Fancy check, warranted linen.....	85	75		Larger and finer.....	1.25	15.00	12.00
Overalls and Jumpers.				Woolen.....	30	3.00	2.50	Turkey red damask.....	1.40	1.25		Very Large and Elegant Albums at			
Blue Denim.....	65	6.25	4.50	Heavy Woolen.....	40	3.75	3.40	White damask, cut and fringed.....	80	75		\$3, \$3, \$4 and \$5 each.			
Heavy Duck.....	75	7.00	5.50	Heavy Woolen, extra.....	50	4.75	4.50	Shoe Laces.				Pocket-Books.			
Cardigan Jackets.				LADIES' FURNISHING GOODS.				3-4, per gross.....	38	18		No. 200, Small.....	10	85	75
Cheap.....	1.00	8.50		Ladies' Hosiery.				4-4, per gross.....	45	35		No. 202, Small with Silvered Chain.....	10	1.00	85
Better.....	1.25	12.50		Cotton, better.....	15	1.25	1.10	Large.....	45	35		No. 210, Large, 4 Pocket, Metal	10	1.25	1.15
Fancy.....	2.25	20.00		Fancy Repp.....	25	1.75	1.50	4-4, per gross.....	45	35		Trimming.....	10	1.25	1.15
All-Wool.....	3.50	32.00		Fancy extra fine.....	25	2.25	2.00	Very Fine.....	60	40		No. 307, Ladies' Size, Fine Leather,	25	2.25	2.00
Gents' Fine White Shirts.				Fancy Cotton and Wool.....	70	2.50	2.25	Worsted Dress Braid.....				Nickel Trimmings.....	25	2.25	2.00
With Cotton Bosoms.....	75	7.50	6.00	Wool, new style.....	40	3.20	3.00	All Colors.....	65	60		Old Style Leather Strap Wallet with	25	2.00	1.75
With Linen Bosoms.....	1.00	9.50	8.00	Heavy Merino, White.....	50	4.50	4.00	Teeth Brushes.....				Bill-Holder.....	10	80	70
Very Fine.....	1.50	15.50	12.00	Corsets.				Small Size.....	10	60	60	Leather Purse with Clasp.....	15	1.25	1.15
Overalls.				Good Quality.....	50	4.50	4.00	Good Selling Article.....	15	1.10	1.00	Leather Purse with Clasp, large size	15	1.25	1.15
Heavy Cotton.....	50	5.50	4.50	Fine.....	1.00	9.00	8.00	Superior Wired.....	25	2.00	1.80	Stationery.			
Fancy Woolen.....	1.00	10.00	8.00	Corset Laces.....	10	1.00		Autograph Albums.....				Good Note Paper, per ream.....	70		
All-Wool Blue Flannel, Single				Ladies' Lace Ties.				Small, 60 page.....	10	70	60	Better Note Paper, per ream.....	85		
Breasted.....	1.25	15.00	12.00	Opera Fringed.....	10	70	65	Lithograph Cover, larger.....	15	1.25	1.10	Best Note Paper, per ream.....	1.00		
Double Breasted.....	1.75	18.00	15.00	Fine White Net, Lace Ends.....	25	2.25	2.00	Fancy Cover.....	15	1.10	1.00	Envelopes per 1,000.....	1.50		
Linen Collars.				Fine Old Gold, Plated Ends.....	25	2.25	2.00	Very Fine.....	80	4.50	4.00	Pipes.			
Stand Up, 4-ply.....	15	1.25	1.10	Lace Collarettes and Ruches.				Very Elegant, pure mullin.....	1.00	9.50	8.00	Bengal Wood Bowl, Nickel Band.....	10	1.00	80
Stand Up, 6-ply, best.....	15	1.75	1.40	No. 33, Box Plaited.....	10	60	55	Large, Fine Leather Covers, Embel-	2.50			Bengal Wood Bowl, Nickel Band,	10	80	65
Turn Down, good.....	15	1.35	1.10	Very Cheap.....	10	50	40	ished with Designs in Gold Leaf.....	2.50			Assorted Wood, Nickel-Trimmed,	20	1.75	1.50
Turn Down, best.....	30	1.75	1.40	No. 120, Plain Shirt Plaited.....	10	50	40	Handkerchiefs.				No. 1, 311, Briar, straight stem.....	25	1.60	1.45
Linen Cuffs.				No. 600, Wide Lace Edge.....	10	60	55	Ruching, 12 yards in a box.....	per box	per box		No. 2, 311, Briar, curved stem.....	25	1.80	1.65
Reversible.....	25	2.50	2.25	Ruching, 12 yards in a box.....	per box	per box		Ruching, Very Fine Lace Finish.....	1.25	1.00		No. 7, Briar, Rubber mouth-piece.....	30	2.00	1.75
Reversible, better.....	30	2.85	2.50	Gossamer Rubber Cloaks.				Handkerchiefs.				No. 23, Meerschaum, curved Cherry	50	4.00	3.75
Reversible, best.....	35	3.10	2.75	Fancy Border.....	10	40	35	No. 25, Same as No. 23, only larger.....	75	6.00	5.50	Nickel Trimmings.....	50	4.00	3.75
Neckties.				No. 7, Ladies' colored border, 15 in.....	10	60	55	No. 26, Same as No. 25, only larger.....	75	6.00	5.50	A very fine line of real German			
Black Bows.....	10	70	60	No. 24, Ladies' corded border, 15 in.....	10	75	65	Meerschaum Pipes in cases in both				curved and straight stems, at			
Black or Fancy Bows.....	15	1.10	90	No. 8, Gents' Polka dot, 17 in.....	15	1.10	1.00	\$2.50, \$3.50, \$5 and \$6 each.				Oigar-Holders, Briar.....	10	80	75
Black or Fancy Bows, better.....	25	1.50	1.30	No. 10, Gents' corded border.....	15	1.10	1.00	Oigar-Holders, Briar.....	10	70	65	Oigar-Holders, Meerschaum.....	25	2.25	2.00
Black or Fancy Scarfs.....	50	3.50	3.00	No. 20, Gents' extra corded, colored	20	1.75	1.65	THE CAN-CAN WATCH CHARM, CIGAR CLIPPER AND NAIL CLEANER COMBINED.							
Black or Fancy Scarfs, best.....	75	6.00	5.00	border.....	20	1.75	1.65								
Gents' Suspenders.				No. 45, Ladies' Hemstitched.....	20	1.50	1.40								
Fair Quality.....	25	1.80	1.50	No. 187, Fine, warranted Plaid.....	20	1.50	1.40								
Better.....	40	3.00	2.50	Turkey Red, 15 in.....	10	60	55								
Fine Worsted.....	50	4.50	3.75	Turkey Red, 18 in.....	10	90	85								
Extra Fine and Heavy.....	65	6.00	5.50	Turkey Red, 21 in.....	15	1.25	1.15								

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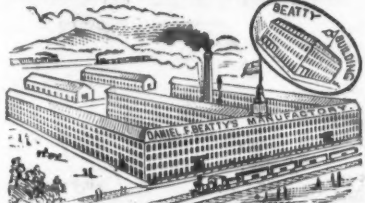


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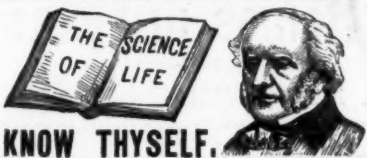
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